

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



By Appointment Table Salt and Pepper Manufacturers to the late King George VI

**Cerebos**  
*Salt perfection*

**PARIPAN**  
ENAMEL

*"The more you wash it, the better it looks."*

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE

**PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.**

\* CIGARETTES by ABDULLA \*

**ROYAL EXCHANGE  
ASSURANCE**

INCORPORATED A.D. 1720

HEAD OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

*Make friends  
with  
Martell*  
COGNAC

THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU

WHAT'S A **POLLYHISTOR**?

*The Oxford Dictionary defines a Polyhistor as a wise man, but a  
POLLYhistor is very wise indeed. He insists on 'POLLY' with his 'Scotch.'*

**Apollinaris**

*Natural Sparkling Water—bottled at the Spring.*

**Jacquemar**  
**Ready-to-wear**  
16 Grosvenor Street W.1

**KING SIX  
CIGARS**

*Backed by over a  
hundred years of  
perfect blending.*

**1/9 EACH**

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd



Made in  
Scotland  
since 1745

**Drambuie**  
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Now a favourite  
throughout  
the world

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED  
**CAR & GENERAL** INSURANCE **LTD.**  
CORPORATION  
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.





TABLE GARDEN with miniature alpins and trees designed by Will Ingwersen

Cussons  
**IMPERIAL LEATHER**

*The Exquisite Soap that lasts longer*





*Come  
and  
get it!*



... and stop that  
**PINKING**

It's here in the pumps on Sunday! BP Super—successful product of long laboratory research and the latest refinery techniques. This new premium-grade spirit opens the road to a new kind of motoring—free from pinking and all that pinking means. When you fill her up with BP Super you get greater pulling power, longer engine life and more miles per shilling.

FILL  
HER UP  
WITH BP  
SUPER





# Just what the doctor ordered

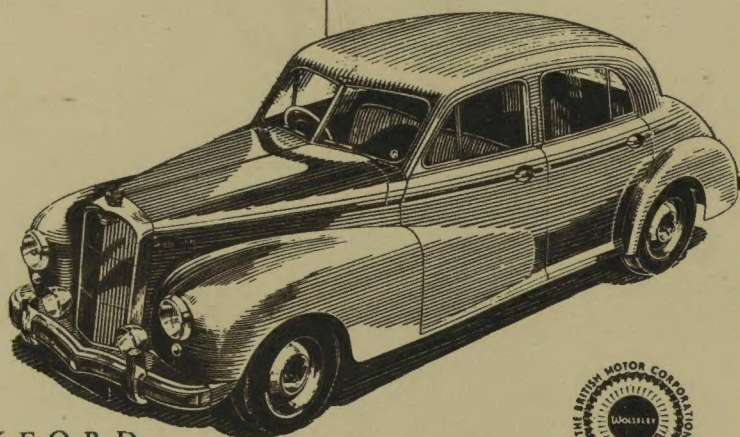


*Year in and year out reliability, quick starting from cold, the restful driving that comes from a perfectly adjusted seating position, all-round vision and smooth suspension—all this is generously given in a Wolseley and besides, a quiet dignity and distinction.*

The Wolseley range comprises the "Six Eighty" (illustrated here), and the recently announced "Four Forty-Four."

BUY WISELY—BUY

## WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

London Showrooms: Eustice Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1

from High-Voltage Cables . .



### BICC

WORLD LEADERSHIP

to Fine Winding Wires

BICC make electric transmission and distribution equipment for every purpose, from high-tension underground cables carrying 275,000 volts down to winding wires finer than a human hair. We have the experience, the research facilities and the resources . . . which have made us . . .

*The World's largest Cable Manufacturers*

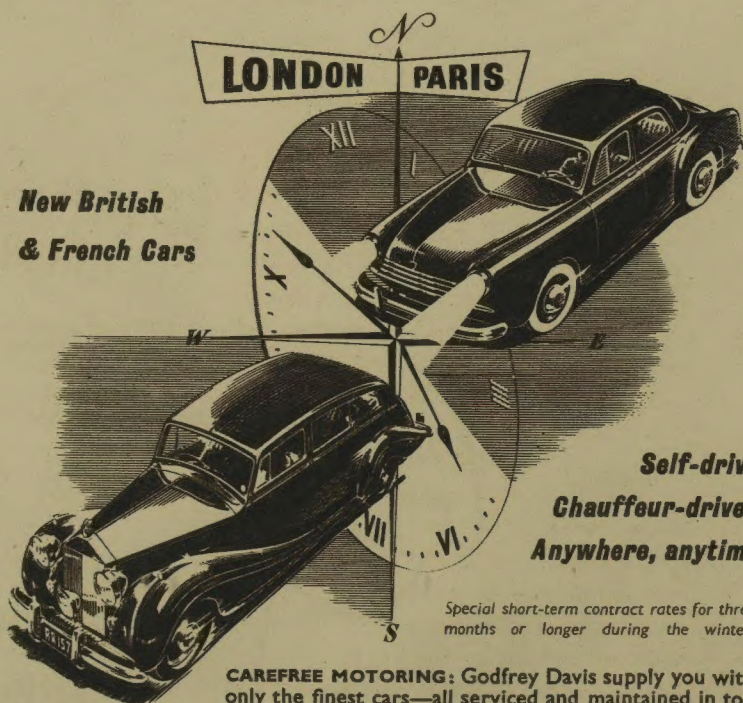
BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED  
NORFOLK HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2



## GODFREY DAVIS

Europe's largest Car Hire Operators

New British  
& French Cars



Self-drive  
Chauffeur-driven  
Anywhere, anytime

Special short-term contract rates for three months or longer during the winter.

CAREFREE MOTORING: Godfrey Davis supply you with only the finest cars—all serviced and maintained in top condition. For first class engine performance and constant protection, each car is lubricated with



LONDON: 7 ECCLESTON STREET, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: SLOane 0022 • Cables: Quickmilez, London

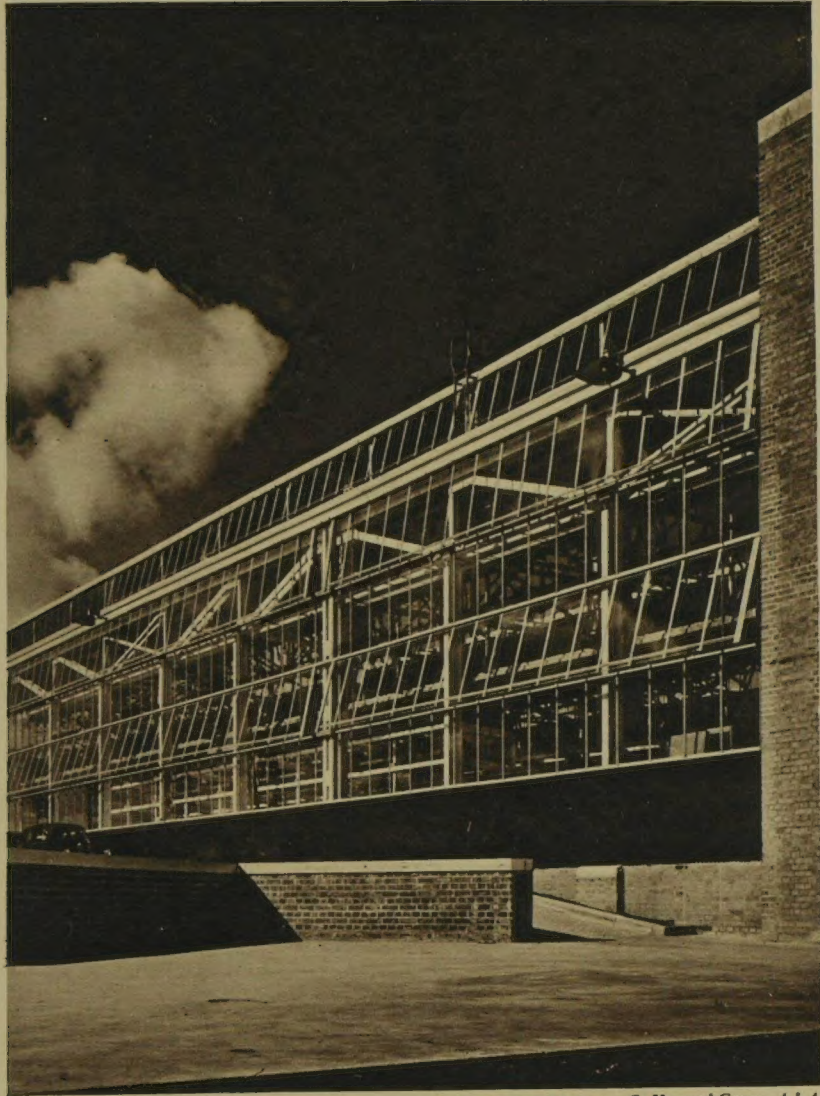
Also at Neasden Lane, London, N.W.10 (GLAdstone 6474)

and 112 North End Road, London, W.14 (FULham 6846)

PARIS: S. F. L. GODFREY DAVIS

38 AVENUE de FRIEDLAND, PARIS 8<sup>e</sup> Tel: Wagram 73-49





*Architect and Engineer: C. Howard Crane, A.I.A.  
Main Contractors: W. J. Whittall & Son Ltd.*

## DAYLIGHT on Austins of England

Contemporary factory design calls for great walls of glass. Many of them like these new extensions to the Austin factory at Longbridge, are being built of Aluminex Patent Glazing. Aluminex is a product of the Williams & Williams' organization, one of the world's greatest metal window manufacturers. From eighteen factories throughout the world, Williams & Williams supply metal windows, metal doors and Aluminex Patent Glazing to the world's markets, as well as light metal pressings, such as jerricans and door frames.

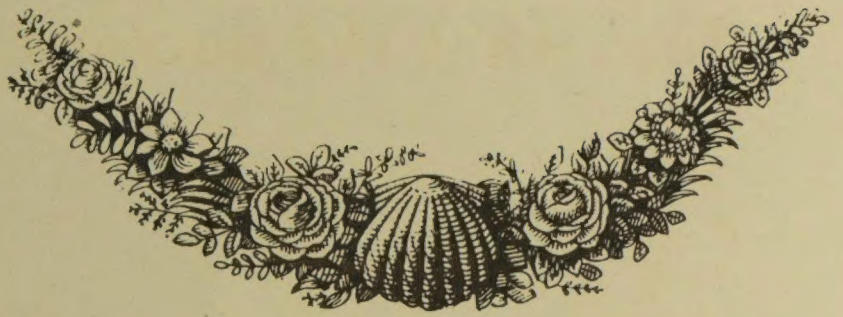
In thirty-five countries there are technical agents who will be glad to talk to you. In Madagascar or Madras, Sierra Leone or Lockhaven, Pa., Williams & Williams' men are ready to help you solve your problems on the spot.

Users of Williams & Williams products include:—

*Veterans Housing Estate, New York, U.S.A. •  
National Bank of Egypt, Khartoum • Westland Bank, Oslo, Norway •  
Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., Toronto, Canada •  
Jurgens Stores, Kano, Nigeria • Group Hospital, Nairobi, Kenya •  
Police Headquarters, Djakarta, Indonesia •  
Icelandic Co-operative Society, Reykjavik.*

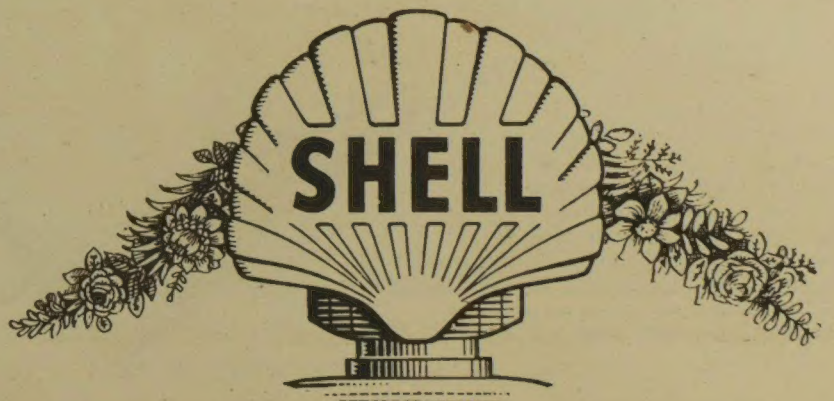
**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS LTD**

RELiance WORKS, CHESTER, ENGLAND



on  
**SHELL  
DAY**

fill up  
and  
**feel the  
difference**







## *The cost of keeping Anton free*

Anton is a peasant farmer, somewhere in Europe. His farm is small, but he owns it. He works many hours, but he is his own master and life is good to him.

Ploughing or hoeing his fields, Anton gives little thought to the planes that roar above his head. "Flying machines? What of them? I am a farmer". But Anton owes his freedom and perhaps the hopes of his life-time to the power and the strength that such aircraft give the Free World.

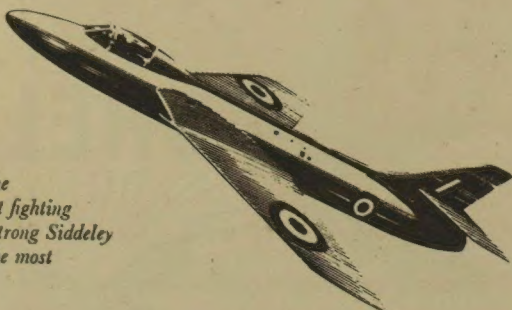
We do not know Anton and he does not know us. But at the head of the list of those aircraft keeping Anton free are those designed and

built by our companies. By day there is the Hawker Hunter, finest of all interceptor aircraft; by night, the Gloster Javelin, world's first twin jet Delta fighter. And to strike at the enemies of Anton if they attack, the Avro Vulcan, four-jet Delta battleship of the skies, world's most modern bomber. Wonderful aircraft, built by the most complex and exacting processes, demanding immense expenditures of time, skill, labour, materials and money.

It is not simple or easy or inexpensive to keep Anton free. But were we to fail him, his slavery would surely be the start of ours.

### THE HAWKER HUNTER

The Hawker Hunter jet fighter is one of the Group products now in super-priority production for the R.A.F. Supersonic, heavily armed and highly manoeuvrable, the Hunter is acclaimed as "the world's finest fighting aircraft." It is now powered by the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, another Group product, one of the most powerful jet engines in the world.



## Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

PIONEER . . . AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

*The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1953.



ANNOUNCING THE FORMATION OF THE "LIBERATION RALLY" TO REPLACE THE DISBANDED POLITICAL PARTIES: GENERAL NEGUIB ADDRESSING A VAST GATHERING OF EGYPTIANS IN LIBERATION SQUARE, CAIRO.

On January 23, at a ceremony held in Liberation Square, Cairo, General Neguib announced the formation of an organisation to be known as the "Liberation Rally," which would take the place of the recently disbanded political parties. Its motto would be "Unity, Discipline and Work." Egypt was celebrating the first six months of General Neguib's régime, and Liberation Square was packed with thousands of Egyptians who had come to listen to their leader and to watch

a procession of boy scouts, girl guides and civic representatives, together with detachments of the fighting Services. General Neguib referred to the corruption under King Farouk and said: "It was as if Farouk had concluded a deal with the parties whereby he would close his eyes to their crimes and they would close theirs to his. It was a limited company for theft and robbery in which the people had no shares." Further photographs appear on pages 146-147 in this issue.





MARCHING PAST THE ROSTRUM FROM WHICH GENERAL NEGUIB ADDRESSED THE CROWD IN LIBERATION SQUARE: EGYPTIAN ARMY TANK CREWS, WEARING STEEL-HELMETS, FOLLOWED BY A DETACHMENT OF DESERT FRONTIER GUARDS.

EGYPT CELEBRATES THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF GENERAL NEGUIB'S RÈGIME: SCENES IN CAIRO DURING

(ABOVE): EGYPT CELEBRATES THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF GENERAL NEGUIB'S RÈGIME: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN LIBERATION SQUARE AFTER THE PRIME MINISTER HAD HOISTED THE EGYPTIAN FLAG TO START FOUR DAYS OF REJOICING.

THE four days' celebrations in Egypt in honour of General Neguib's first six months in office were inaugurated on January 23, when General Neguib, in the presence of a vast crowd, hoisted the Egyptian flag in Liberation Square, Cairo, and then took the salute as a military and civil procession marched past the rostrum. As recorded on our frontispiece in this issue, General Neguib announced the formation of an organisation to be known as the "Liberation Rally," referred to corruption under King Farouk, and declared that Egypt must get rid of the last traces of British imperialism. General Neguib has been in power since the military coup on July 23 last year. The Egyptian reply to the British draft agreement on the Sudan, presented on January 12, was due to be handed to the British



(ABOVE): SURROUNDED BY CHEERING EGYPTIANS: GENERAL NEGUIB (RIGHT-CENTRE; WAVING CAP) BEING DRIVEN TO THE ROSTRUM IN LIBERATION SQUARE, CAIRO, FROM WHICH HE ANNOUNCED THE FORMATION OF THE "LIBERATION RALLY" AMID SHOUTS OF "LONG LIVE NEGUIB."

Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, on January 28 and it was announced that a delegation of twenty-five from the Southern Sudan would come to Cairo early in February to demonstrate that the South Sudanese support the agreement reached by the northern parties. On January 24 the Egyptian Council of Ministers announced a decree giving the Government the right to proclaim general mobilisation in case of international tension, the danger of war, or the outbreak of war, and to requisition materials, foods and buildings. At the time of writing there have been no anti-foreign disorders, and the celebrations have been peaceful.



IN THE GREAT MILITARY AND CIVIL PROCESSION IN CAIRO: COLOUR PARTIES OF THE THREE EGYPTIAN FIGHTING SERVICES WHO MARCHED PAST GENERAL NEGUIB ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE PUBLIC CELEBRATIONS.

THE OFFICIAL REJOICINGS, BEHIND WHICH LOOM THE SHADOWS OF THE SUDAN AND CANAL ZONE.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THAT stormy petrel of speech, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, I see, has been in trouble again—at any rate, with his political opponents. One cannot help, I find, having a sneaking liking for Mr. Shinwell, even when one most strongly disagrees with him. I admire his fearless lack of inhibitions, even though they often lead him into indiscretions. He has apparently made a speech in which, while protesting his deep loyalty to the Queen, he has been gravely critical of the arrangements being made for the Coronation. It distresses him, unless he has been misreported, that the Standard Bearers in the Abbey should be drawn from the aristocracy and the military. "A really democratic Coronation," he contends, would include representatives of "the scientific world, medical profession, miners, farm-workers, steel-workers, dockers and railwaymen." "These," he declared, "are the very salt of the earth. . . . Aristocracy is doomed and almost damned."

There seems to be a certain confusion of thought here. Leaving the "aristocracy" out of it for the moment, I cannot see why "representatives of the scientific world, medical profession, miners, farm-workers, steel-workers, dockers and railwaymen" are any more or less "the salt of the earth" than soldiers, sailors, airmen, clergymen, fishermen, teachers, typists, journalists, plumbers, accountants, judges, engineers, gardeners, lorry-drivers, and a good many other people, including housewives. To term a man the salt of the earth merely because he happens to be a member of a particular trade is a species of nonsense. I am aware that Members of Parliament have to eulogise particular categories of their fellow-

creatures in order to obtain and retain their votes, and this may perhaps excuse Mr. Shinwell, a very able man, for his rather loose way of speaking. Yet this kind of thing is said and written so often that someone ought to challenge it and nail it down for the untruth it really is before it becomes accepted as holy writ. For it is an example of exactly the kind of false and automatic assumption that Mr. Shinwell rightly objects to in the meaning he gives to that much-abused term, "aristocracy." Because a man happens to be a duke or the descendant of a duke it does not follow that he is a good or deserving man. And because he happens to be a member of the National Union of Mineworkers it does not follow either. The courtiers of Democracy are just as much given to this pernicious sort of flattery as the courtiers of any other type of Government. When our great-grandparents fell down and worshipped dukes, declaring them incapable of any but the highest public and social virtue, or when our much more remote ancestors did the same to kings, they were doing what Mr. Shinwell, who would have been the first to deplore their attitude, does to miners and steel-workers. They were flattering them, often out of an unthinking and rather comic snobbery, and sometimes, I fear, out of mere self-interest. I am not suggesting that Mr. Shinwell is interested in flattering, say, mineworkers, but none the less he ought to be on his guard against doing so. It is mineworkers who help to put him into Parliament—bad ones as well as good ones!

For let us be honest in these matters. There is no profession or occupation in which men do not vary enormously in virtue, industry and integrity. They vary in these from age to age and from man to man. Some of the finest men in England are employed in the coalfields and, no doubt, some of the worst. There is no profession or calling which contributes to the welfare of mankind of which this is not true. Mr. Shinwell apparently disapproves of soldiers, though, to his credit, he was a stalwart champion of soldiers when he was at the War Office. At any rate, he seems to regard them as inferior to mineworkers. But what special pleading this really is! Were the officers and men who, during the last war, served in that magnificent fighting regiment, the Durham Light Infantry, any better or worse men because they happened to be coalminers in civil life? The truth is there was no distinction in military virtue in the regiment between miners and clerks and journalists and landowners, or any other kind of workers. There was merely a distinction between individuals. Some were braver, more self-sacrificing, harder-working, more enduring than others. What is more, a soldier at his best in the face of the enemy makes sacrifices, runs risks, endures hardships greater than those which normally fall to the lot of the members of any civil profession or calling. Why should not a man who has won the Victoria Cross—and, though many have doubtless deserved this reward who have never received it, no one was ever awarded it who had not displayed self-sacrificing virtues of the highest kind—why should not such a man bear a Standard at his Sovereign's crowning, even though he does not possess a Trade Unionist's ticket? Even if he happens to be an hereditary peer I cannot see on what grounds Mr. Shinwell can begrudge his presence in the Sovereign's

procession. He has every right to be there, both by virtue of his own heroism and as the representative of his brave comrades. Everyone who rightly weighs these matters and knows what virtue has been demanded of men in battle twice in the past half-century must rejoice that a holder of the Victoria Cross will walk in the Coronation procession. And who could more fittingly bear the Royal Standard than the great soldier whose genius and leadership turned the tide of victory at Alamein, or carry St. Edward's Crown than the famous Admiral whose constancy and resolution held the Eastern Mediterranean and the gateway to Nazi world-dominion against greater odds than ever in our history faced the Commander of a British Fleet?

Yet though I disagree with Mr. Shinwell's generalisations about the "salt of the earth" and aristocracy—for what is wanted to-day is a true aristocracy in every walk of life, including those both of mineworkers and landowners—I sympathise with his general criticism of the rather unrepresentative character that antiquarian purists, out of the highest motives, appear to be in danger of giving the Coronation ceremony. The Queen, he says, should be "accompanied at the Coronation by her friends and peoples from all classes." They should not be confined to those only who represent the remote past, important as that remote past is. Without doing injury either to the æsthetic or constitutional needs of the occasion, it would, I believe, be possible to bring the representational and symbolic elements in the ceremony a little more into keeping with the world in which we live. It would not, of course, be at all easy, for the Coronation is, after

all, a mediæval ceremony, and mediæval ceremony, and even pedantry, are part of its very nature. Yet antiquarian pedantry, when too remote from the general spirit of an age, can become dangerous. And with the intense searchlight of the modern Press, radio and cinema focused on the Coronation, it has become a matter of intense concern and interest to vast multitudes to whom the niceties of mediæval heraldic precedent are unfortunately not merely meaningless but almost, I am afraid, in the light of twentieth-century notions, an affront. To retain a reasonable amount of such antiquarian formalism in the planning of the Abbey ceremony is most admirable and characteristic of our national genius. It is half, or more than half, its point. Yet it is not its whole point. To concentrate on it to the exclusion of every other consideration, and in apparent disregard of contemporary opinion, seems to me unrealistic and, therefore, a little un-English. We have always, as a people, had two sides to our nature; that profound observer, George Santayana, symbolised them as the Lion and the Unicorn. The latter element has made us, for all our sober realism, masters of make-believe and pageantry; England would not be

England without "Alice in Wonderland" and the Trooping the Colour—probably the loveliest ceremony extant in the world to-day, perhaps the loveliest ever devised. But we have also always had that other and strong sense of making things work and serve their purpose. One of the purposes of the Coronation is to bind closer the hearts of all the Queen's many peoples to the Imperial Crown and the great ideal it symbolises. Our Queen is not only being crowned, recognised and acclaimed as Queen of the United Kingdom. She is being crowned in the eyes of all her peoples as Queen of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, of New Zealand, of Ceylon, and of many other countries. She is being recognised—even though this has no part in the traditional ceremony—as Head of the Commonwealth. Whatever the legal, ecclesiastical and formalistic difficulties—and they are obviously very great—common sense suggests that the representatives of Britain's sister-Nations should have some part in a great occasion of State, the universal interest in which makes it something more than a purely English ceremony. And our Queen is not merely being crowned Queen of the England of Edward the Confessor, of Edward I., or even of George IV. and Queen Victoria—though those earlier Englands are an essential and very moving part of the ceremony. She is being crowned Queen of a vast global twentieth-century community. The beautiful ritual and dedication of our ancient Coronation Service is so full of profound symbolic truth, so true to our country's history and evolving genius, that it seems a pity that it cannot, by a touch of imagination, be made more clear, in its every movement and association, that it is not only the dedication of an English and Scottish Sovereign in the age of lance and shield, but of the Head of a Commonwealth of Nations drawn from each of the earth's five continents in the age of radar, the jet-plane and factory democracy. In its deepest sense the Coronation is a marriage ceremony: of Queen and People, of all Classes, Callings and Places, and of the Past and Present.

### THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE SKETCH.

SIXTY years ago—on February 1, 1893—our sister paper, *The Sketch*, made its first appearance, being published from the offices of *The Illustrated London News*. To mark the occasion, *The Sketch* is coming out on February 11, 1953, in the form of a Special Diamond Jubilee Number.

It will carry a cover which is a modified version of its original cover by Linley Sambourne; and it will set out to re-create the atmosphere of sixty years ago. After a leading article setting, so to speak, the key, the present-day contributors will imagine themselves back in the "Naughty 'Nineties" and so there will be reviews of books by such rising authors as Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling—reviews illustrated with contemporary portraits of those authors. On the Theatre Page, *The Sketch's* dramatic critic "attends" the first performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "A Woman of No Importance" and other interesting plays of 1893; and there will be pictures of such leading stage personalities as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lily Langtry, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Eleanora Duse, Melba, Little Tich, Marie Tempest, Beerbohm Tree and Marie Lloyd. The Sporting Background article ventilates the burning questions of 1893, with especial reference to the dignity of lady golfers; while the Motoring Correspondent describes a road test of an 1893 automobile.

There will be photographs and a report of the most-talked-of wedding of 1893—that of the Earl of Dalkeith (the present Earl's grandfather); and a Potpourri of the Social Life of 1893, with pictures of the Kaiser at Cowes; the famous beauties of the year; reproductions of paintings reflecting the year's art trends; and cartoons reflecting its humour. There will be an article on dining-out—at 2s. 6d. a head—and a four-page fashion portfolio showing what the well-dressed lady of 1893 was wearing.

The price of this Special Diamond Jubilee Number of *The Sketch* is the same as usual—2s.



# WEAPONS OLD AND NEW IN AN ANTI-MAU MAU DRIVE, AND A KIKUYU REGISTRATION SCHEME.



(ABOVE.) PRIMEVAL WEAPONS AND FIELD-RADIO IN THE ANTI-MAU MAU DRIVE IN THE ABERDARES: SPEAR-CARRYING NATIVE TRACKERS, AND A EUROPEAN WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE SET.



A MAU MAU SUSPECT ROUNDED UP IN THE FRINGE OF THE ABERDARES BY THE MIXED "I" FORCE, BEING QUESTIONED AFTER CAPTURE IN THE FOREST.

WE illustrate here some of the activities of what has been described as Kenya's crack anti-terrorist unit, the colourful and unorthodox formation known as "I" Force. This unit has been built round a company of the Kenya Regiment (a European territorial formation), and includes white hunters, Wanderobo trackers and irregulars of the Turkana tribe, with bows, arrows and long spears. It is also equipped with walkie-talkie apparatus and has been kept supplied by means of a light aircraft. It has been mainly employed on the fringe of the Aberdares in conjunction with the large-scale sweeps through the forest known as "Operation Longstop" and "Operation Yellow Hackle." The last-named was mainly mounted by the Lancashire Fusiliers. Many suspects were rounded up during the course of these linked operations. We also show the initiation of Lord Delamere's scheme (which has been adopted by the United Kenya Protection Association) of registering, photographing and administering a loyalty oath to employed Kikuyu, who were then issued with armbands.



WITH RIFLE AND SPEARS ALL TRAINED ON HIM, A SOLITARY KIKUYU IN A GLADE OF THE ABERDARES RAISES HIS HANDS ABOVE HIS HEAD, AS THE PATROL CLOSES IN TO ARREST HIM AND QUESTION HIM ABOUT THE MAU MAU.



MAU MAU SUSPECTS ROUNDED UP DURING PART OF THE FOREST SWEEP CALLED "OPERATION LONGSTOP" WAITING UNDER GUARD BY NATIVE SPEARMEN AT THE H.Q. OF "I" FORCE.



PHOTOGRAPHING FOR THE RECORD THE FIRST KIKUYU TO REGISTER UNDER A NEW PLAN ADOPTED BY THE UNITED KENYA PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.





LOOKING DOWN ON THE BLAZING DECKS OF THE 20,325-TON LINER *EMPRESS OF CANADA*, AS SHE HEELED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE DOCK AT LIVERPOOL—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE WHICH THE FLAMES THREATENED.



THE *EMPRESS OF CANADA* IN HER PRIDE. BUILT IN THE 1909'S BY JOHN BROWN AND CO. LTD. FOR THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE AND ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS THE *DUCHESS OF RICHMOND*.

### THE *EMPRESS OF CANADA* DISASTER:

A 20,325-TON LINER NOW  
GUTTED AND A TOTAL LOSS  
BY FIRE IN THE NIGHT, IN  
LIVERPOOL DOCKS.

THE 20,325-ton Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Canada* reached Liverpool on January 10 and, after discharging cargo, underwent her annual overhaul. She moved from the Glasgow Dry Dock on January 24 to No. 1 Gladstone Dock, and was to load cargo on February 3 and sail for Canada on February 11. Her spring schedule included heavy bookings of Coronation visitors to England from Canada. At 4.30 p.m. on Sunday, January 25, she was discovered to be on fire—the fire being believed to have started in the ship's dispensary on one of the lower decks. The fire spread rapidly to involve the engine-room and three decks amidships. Twenty fire-engines rapidly made for the docks, and this number was soon increased to forty. The flames continued to spread and, despite the efforts of 200 firemen, it became apparent by about midnight that nothing could be done except let the fire burn itself out. The blazing hulk developed a dangerous list towards the dockside and the flames threatened nearby warehouses. Eventually the ship settled on its side in the water, but throughout the following day there were occasional fresh outbursts of fire.

[RIGHT:] A STILL BURNING AND SMOKING HULK—THE *EMPRESS OF CANADA* LIES ON HER SIDE IN THE GLADSTONE DOCK, WITH A FIRE-FLOAT PLAYING WATER ON HER RED-HOT PLATES.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE CONFLAGRATION: THE DOOMED LINER LEANS AGAINST THE DOCKSIDE WITH FLAMES POURING OUT OF THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE HULL—THE INTERIOR OF WHICH WAS BY THEN A SINGLE RAGING INFERNO OF FIRE.







THE REV. GODFREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.,  
AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED HERE.

Father Godfrey Anstruther was born in 1903 and was educated at Hawksyard School, Staffordshire (now Blackfriars School, Laxton). He taught at Laxton from 1928 to 1935, during which time he did the research for this book. Just when he had collected his material he was sent to Grenada, B.W.I., for five years to do missionary work, and the first draft of the book was written under a palm-tree! He was an Army Chaplain from 1940 to 1945, with the 1st and 8th Armies in North Africa and Italy. After three years as Prior of St. Dominic's Priory, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he was appointed Prior of St. Sebastian's Priory, Pendleton.

In large measure, the story of the long Persecution and the heroic, but gradually crushed, resistance; and especially as affecting certain families in Northamptonshire, all relations, friends or acquaintances of the Vauxes. A multitude of documents, and many bearing on the Government's Gestapo, many of them new, have been drawn upon; quite relevant use has been made of many passages from the fascinating autobiography of Fr. Gerard, recently republished; and there are four chapters on the Gunpowder Plot, in which several wild relatives of the Vauxes were involved, but of which, like the generality of respectable loyal Catholics, they themselves knew nothing before discovery and utterly disapproved after. They did harbour one priest who is alleged to have been told about the Plot in the secrecy of the Confessional. What he said to the "penitent" no man knows; he was taken and executed.

As for that Plot, Mr. Wyndham Lewis says in his Introduction: "Doubtless to the average reader, such as I, the chapters on the Gunpowder Plot are the most absorbing. Not the least of the murky enigmas enwrapping the Plot for (it would seem) all time is the embroilment in that harebrained escapade of the Vaux, a family notable for mental balance and a sober commonsense derived, possibly, from a lawyer-ancestor. The boyish insouciance of what Anne Vaux called the 'wild heads' astonished their Catholic contemporaries no less than it does us, and it is clear from this latest review that the Plot was known to the Government from the beginning—and how else, indeed, does one explain that carefree purchase of four tons of gunpowder, those months of daylight navvy-work in a London swarming with Cecil's spies. Crookback Robin [i.e., Lord Salisbury, younger son of the late master-craftsman Burghley] knew as well as Hitler or Stalin the art of nursing for profit, as of cooking the evidence." It is one of the odd accidents of history that Guy Fawkes, a quite minor conspirator who happened to survive for trial, should be regarded by posterity as the King of the Plotters, his Christian name even giving a word, very widely used in America, to the language.

The fortunes of the Vauxes, who could trace their descent from the thirteenth century, were founded by a lawyer William, who married a rich Northamptonshire heiress and died in 1405. His son, Sir William, married another heiress and sat for the county in 1442; his son, another Sir William, was a stout Lancastrian, and the family went into exile and dire poverty, until Bosworth Field was won, and his son, Nicholas, was given back all the forfeited lands and "became with

## A HOUSE OF HISTORY, AND A STRONGHOLD OF FAITH.

"VAUX OF HARROWDEN: A RECUSANT FAMILY"; By GODFREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS very substantial, scholarly and well-written book (which has the eccentric distinction of being both printed and published at Newport, Mon.) has, as its central theme, the history of a Catholic family which was always loyal to, and suffered greatly for, its Faith. But it is more than that. It tells,

dramatic suddenness a man of immense wealth." It was he who first lived at Harrowden (where he may have built the great house, parts of which are embodied in the later house) as tenant of a great-aunt. He increased steadily in wealth and splendour during two reigns, his great moment coming when, as Lieutenant of Guisnes he was one of those put in charge of the arrangements for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with the prospect, when the great day came, of attending on the King while his wife accompanied the Queen.

The main job was the building and furnishing of a palace worthy of the occasion. Work began on March 19, 1520. "Timber, too long for any ship, was lashed together and floated from Holland. More than two thousand artisans, including three hundred masons... from England and Flanders, were employed. The walls up to eight feet were of brick and stone, the rest of wood and glass, and the roofs were of painted canvas. On 26 March Vaux wrote to Wolsey giving a vivid account of the project. The King was to have three chambers larger than any in England. The largest was to be eighty-four feet by forty-two, and thirty feet high, 'which is both longer and wider

tent-poles, on armour and weapons, on horses' trappings. Cloth of gold was hung in profusion." Even given *carte blanche* about money, our Office of Works might quail at being asked to carry out such a work so rapidly.

Vaux, who has relevant lines in Shakespeare, conducted the condemned Buckingham to the Tower in 1521. Next year he was made Lord Vaux of Harrowden; and the year after that he died. His son Thomas led, perforce, a quieter life. After Henry VIII's divorce and subsequent proceedings he did not even appear in the House of Lords for eighteen years; but he turned up for Queen Mary's Coronation. He died of the plague in 1556. Of all his father's splendour nothing remains. But Thomas, second Lord, though he published nothing in his lifetime, left certain manuscript poems, the work of a contemplative man brooding on death and mutability, of which some still recur in anthologies. The most notable is that which begins:

I loathe that I dyd loue  
In youth that I thought sweete:  
As tyme requyryth for my behoue  
Mee thinkes theye are not mette.

My lustes they dooe mee leave,  
My fancyes all are fledde,  
And tracte of tyme begyns to weve  
Graye heares within my heade.

For Age with stealinge steppes  
Hath claude mee with his cruch,  
And lustye youth awaye hee leapes,  
As there had byn none such.

My Muse doth not delight  
Mee, as shee dyde before;  
My hande and penne are not in plyte  
As they haue bene of yore.

For Reason me denyes,  
All youthly ydle ryme  
And day by day to me she cries:  
Leave off theise toyes betyme.

William, the third baron, died in 1595; his grandson, the fourth lord, survived incredibly from 1588 to 1661, living, after war, prison, exile and all sorts of storms, to have his sequestrations revoked by Charles II. He was succeeded by a brother who died shortly after him. There was no male heir and the title went into abeyance. In 1838 Queen Victoria terminated the abeyance in favour of George Mostyn, 6th Baron. His son Hubert bought Harrowden back and built a chapel. After his death the abeyance was terminated in favour of his daughter, the present Lady Vaux. "Hubert lies buried in the chapel that he built, under a brass that is only a few yards from the brass with which this story began. But between these two brasses lie five hundred momentous years. William Harrowden, in his mediæval armour, may seem to have little in common with Hubert Lord Vaux, diplomatist and company director, but joining them through the ages, in defiance of all that cunning and cruelty could devise to sever it, runs the golden thread of an undying and unconquerable Faith."

The book is crowded with characters: country gentlemen, merciless politicians, monarchs, spies, traitors (the Cecils were not short of agents in the camp of the enemy) and some heroic women of the Vaux family. Some of the accounts of torture are as sickening as anything that ever came out of modern Germany. But on the whole, for all the cruelties and injustices, the book leaves an effect of exhilaration. The "exultations," in fact, outweigh the "agonies."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 177 of this issue.



HARROWDEN HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



THOMAS LORD VAUX. SECOND BARON VAUX OF HARROWDEN (1510-1556).



ELIZABETH HIS WIFE. DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS OF THOMAS CHENEY, KT.

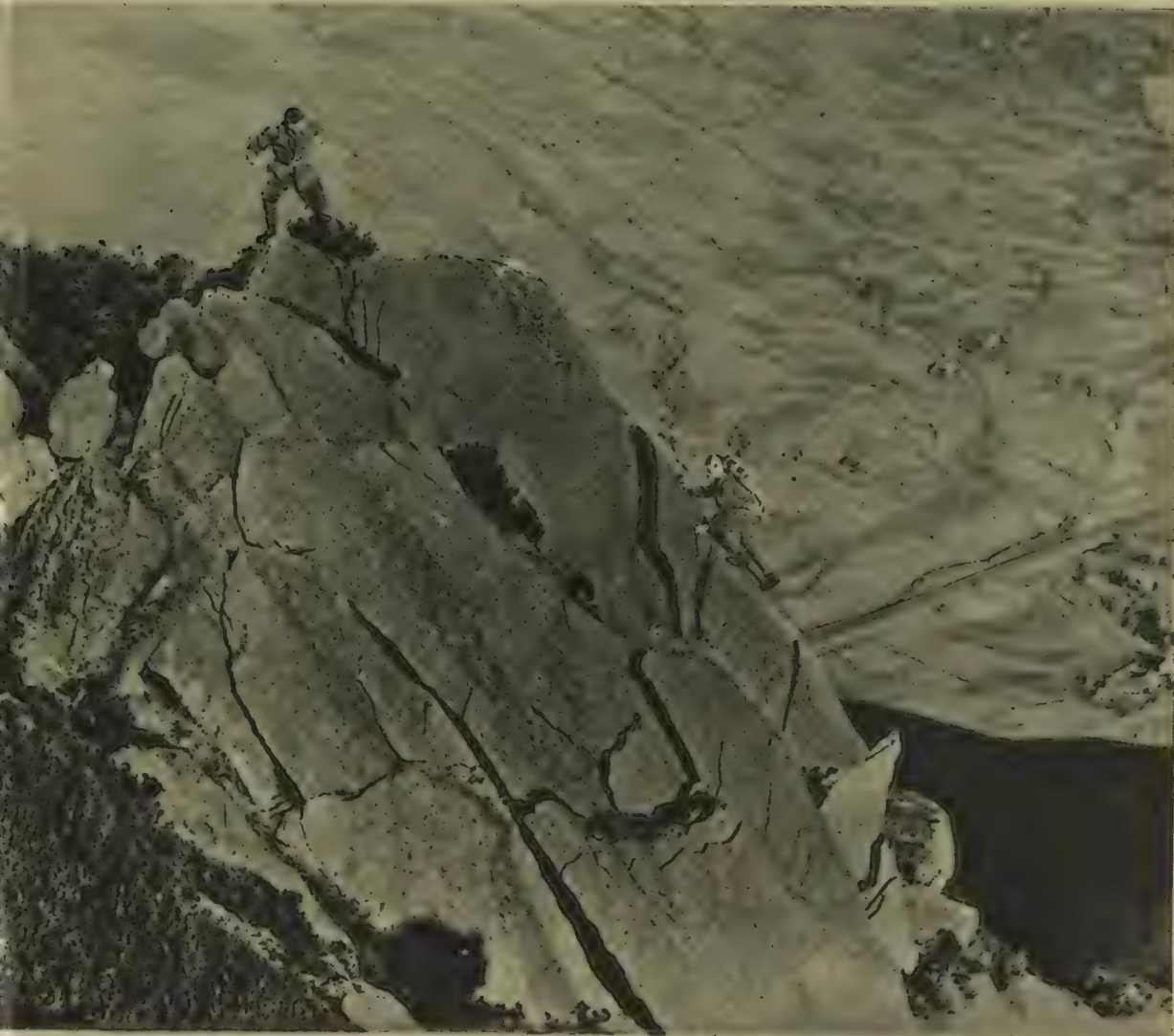
From sketches attributed to Holbein reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Vaux of Harrowden. A Recusant Family"; by courtesy of the publishers, R. H. Johns, Ltd.

than the White Hall'; the second was larger than the greatest room in the Palace at Bridewell. There were three such rooms for the Queen and two for Wolsey, as well as a chapel. The banquet-hall was to be 240 feet by 70 feet. This is about the size of the nave of Peterborough Cathedral. There were hitches and worries, but by the time the King arrived on June 4 (i.e., in less than three months) all was ready. "Vaux's modest share in the preparations, in which he used among other things five thousand feet of glass, cost £4,079. 1. 0., considerably more than double the annual revenue of the richest English monastery.... The dominant *décor* was gold. Gold was splashed wherever it would stick; on arras, on

\* "Vaux of Harrowden: A Recusant Family." By Godfrey Anstruther, O.P. With an Introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. (R. H. Johns, Ltd., Newport, Mon.; 25s.)



## TESTING OUT NEW EQUIPMENT IN SNOWDONIA: MEMBERS OF THE 1953 EVEREST EXPEDITION.



TESTING EQUIPMENT IN SNOWDONIA: TWO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION, MR. M. WESTMACOTT (WEARING OXYGEN CYLINDERS) AND MR. H. A. RAWLINSON, DURING THE ASCENT OF TRYFAN.

**M**EMBERS of the British team which is due to sail on February 12 for an attempt on Mount Everest in May, met in Snowdonia during the week-end January 17-18. Eight of the members and reserves were present, and they set out on short climbs from Helyg Hostel, near Lake Ogwen. Colonel Hunt, who has taken part in three previous expeditions to the Himalaya—in 1935, 1937 and 1940—and is the leader of the forthcoming Everest expedition, was with a party on Tryfan. One purpose of the climbs in Snowdonia was to test the carrying frames which will hold the oxygen cylinders and breathing apparatus to be used on Everest. During the final stages of the Everest attempt the climbers will wear lightweight boots specially designed by scientists.



BEFORE CLIMBING TRYFAN: MR. H. A. RAWLINSON (RIGHT) ADJUSTING THE BREATHING APPARATUS WORN BY MR. M. WESTMACOTT, WHO HAS THE NEW LIGHT ALLOY HARNESS WITH DUMMY OXYGEN CYLINDERS ON HIS BACK.

(RIGHT.) A PRACTICE CLIMB: TWO MEMBERS OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION CLIMBING A ROCK-FACE ON TRYFAN DURING THE RECENT TESTS OF NEW EQUIPMENT. THE LEADING CLIMBER IS MR. C. W. F. NOYCE.

"The Times" Copyright.



IN SNOWDONIA: MEMBERS AND RESERVE MEMBERS OF THE 1953 BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION. (L. TO R.) FRONT: MR. G. C. BAND, COLONEL JOHN HUNT (LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION) AND MR. A. GREGORY. BEHIND: MR. W. NOYCE; MR. M. WESTMACOTT; MR. T. D. BOURDILLON; MR. C. WYLIE AND DR. C. EVANS.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: CEREMONIES WHICH MARKED THE OPENING OF THE NEW U.S. RÉGIME, AND THE ENUNCIATION OF NINE "FIXED PRINCIPLES."



THE OLD PRESIDENT AND THE NEW: MR. TRUMAN (CENTRE) SHAKES HANDS WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER AT THE WHITE HOUSE BEFORE THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY. ON THE LEFT, MRS. TRUMAN.



AFTER THE CEREMONIES OF INAUGURATION DAY: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MRS. EISENHOWER TURN TO SMILE BEFORE ENTERING THEIR NEW HOME, THE WHITE HOUSE.



A HIGHLIGHT OF THE INAUGURATION PARADE: WEST POINT CADETS (ABOVE) MARCHING AWAY FROM THE CAPITOL, AND (RIGHT) MOVING DOWN THE "COURT OF PATRIOTS," PAST THE STAND ON THE RIGHT, FROM WHICH THE NEW PRESIDENT REVIEWED THE PARADE.



THE CEREMONY WHICH PRECEDED THE PRESIDENT'S OATH: VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON (RIGHT) TAKES THE OATH, ADMINISTERED BY SENATOR KNOWLAND OF CALIFORNIA. EXTREME LEFT, MR. TRUMAN.

The inauguration of President Eisenhower took place on January 20 at Washington—a ceremony which the new President described in his address as not only "the act of one citizen swearing his oath of service in the presence of his God," but also a people's giving testimony, in the sight of the world, of their faith that the future shall belong to the free. General Eisenhower's day began with his attendance, with his family and Cabinet, at morning service at the National Presbyterian Church. In mid-morning he drove to the White House and from there he and President Truman drove through crowded streets to the Capitol. Here a huge crowd, including representatives of all forty-eight States of the Union and Ambassadors and Ministers of all countries of the world, was gathered in the open air, before the east portico. The opening ceremony was the taking of the oath by the new Vice-President, Mr. Richard Nixon; and this was followed by a coloured soprano's singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then General

*(Continued opposite.)*



THE NEW PRESIDENT AT WORK: A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT HIS WHITE HOUSE DESK ON HIS FIRST MORNING OF OFFICE, ON JANUARY 21, THE DAY AFTER THE INAUGURATION DAY. [Photograph by radio.]





THE CROWD WHICH GATHERED TO SEE THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL, WITH, IN FRONT OF IT, THE LONG WHITE STAND ON WHICH THE OATH WAS TAKEN. NEARER THE CAMERA, THE ELEVATED "GUN-TURRET" STAND FROM WHICH FILM AND TELEVISION CAMERAS RECORDED THE EVENT.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IS SWORN IN: THE NEW PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH, ADMINISTERED BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE, MR. VINSON. EXTREME RIGHT, VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON; EXTREME LEFT (L. TO R.) MRS. TRUMAN, MRS. JOHN EISENHOWER, MRS. NIXON, MAJOR EISENHOWER AND HIS MOTHER, MRS. EISENHOWER; LEFT OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE (L. TO R.), EX-PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND EX-PRESIDENT HOOVER.

*Continued.*

Eisenhower, with his hands on two Bibles—one his own, the other that used by George Washington—took the oath, administered by the Chief Justice. After acknowledging the cheers of the great assembly, he read a prayer which he had himself composed for the occasion; and then, in clear, ringing tones, read his inaugural address. The most notable feature of this address was his announcement of nine "fixed principles" by which he would be guided. These he announced as: (1) the abhorrence of war, yet the determination to be strong enough to resist the aggressor; (2) the refusal to placate by trading honour for security—"in the final choice a soldier's pack is not so heavy a burden as a prisoner's chains"; (3) the concept that the strength and productivity of the

U.S. are a trust on which rests the hope of free men everywhere; (4) a refusal to impress by force upon other peoples American political and economic institutions; (5) a determination to help other peoples to achieve their own security and well-being; (6) an attempt to foster and practise policies to encourage productivity and profitable trade; (7) a hope to strengthen regional groupings of free peoples everywhere; (8) the intention to hold all continents and peoples in equal regard and honour; and (9) a belief in the United Nations and a striving to make it an effective force. The brief ceremony was followed by an elaborate parade which has been described as being "as variegated as a circus and as long as an Army division," and which took five hours to pass the reviewing stand.



IT is not very long since I was writing here about the Prague treason trials. What I had to say was frankly speculation, but speculation which had a certain basis in experience and in former revelations of Russia's dealings with her satellites. The business is in essentials simple, however much it may be complicated by personal ambitions, rivalry and hatred. Though sometimes a pretence was made that these countries of Eastern Europe were not governed entirely by Communist parties and an innocuous party of another colour was nominally included in the Government, in fact all power was placed in Communist hands. This meant that the power was in the hands of about half-a-dozen men, who were not always the ministers known to the world, but stood behind them, possibly with Russian advisers standing behind them. These men were in all cases able and ruthless. They were also ambitious. They were not of the type which takes readily to regarding itself in the rôle of caretaker for an outside Power. They would not have been the men they were if they had not made efforts to assert themselves and have more of their own way than was considered desirable by the Russian overlords.

This, then, is the sort of thing that has been going on. From the Russian point of view there probably have been "plots" in most instances where there have been purges or trials. They have not necessarily been plots to follow Marshal Tito in his apostasy—though we must not forget that he did not in the first instance walk out, but was thrown out, and for a time humbly protested his innocence and prayed to be allowed to return. In some cases the conspirators could not have hoped to find themselves in the sort of position which Marshal Tito now occupies. No, so far as can be divined, in the majority of cases plotting amounted to an effort to secure a certain degree of independence. Espionage? In some cases very likely. Intelligence services have always found it easier to obtain information through the satellites, and always will, whatever measures the Russians take. On the whole, one cannot say that it is an unnatural situation. What has happened in these countries corresponds closely enough to what might be expected when one country seeks to impose its will upon a group of others in every detail, and refuses to allow them the slightest freedom or initiative.

The medical plot announced this January comes into a different category. Here there is no question of imperialist tyranny or national restlessness. This is a domestic matter, except in one significant and sinister respect, of which I shall have something more to say. I listened to some comments when the story was hot news, and came to the conclusion that we had been so satiated with the sensational, particularly of the more horrible types, as to have virtually lost the power of surprise. When one comes to reflect upon it, there would be difficulty in finding in the last century of European history a more astounding and shocking episode. A group of doctors, for the most part of high distinction, is said to have wilfully and persistently administered incorrect treatment to distinguished political and military patients. Their object was to kill these patients. In two instances, those of Shcherbakov and Zhdanov, we are told, they succeeded. They were, according to the reports, working in collusion with capitalist Governments and agents; but, if the accusation was to be made, this clause was in any case pretty certain to be tacked to it.

Again, the first question the onlooker is likely to ask is whether there really was a plot of this character, though this is not likely to be of the highest significance. One small point in favour of there having been some measure of truth in the allegation is that the story is almost too strange and too difficult for the outside world to accept, for it to have been pure invention. But the almost inevitable corollary to such an interpretation is that somebody in a position of power and importance knew about it. The revelation must then be attributed to an internal struggle for power, which has been decided. We can hardly suppose that the discovery is altogether recent. The least likely thing to have happened is that the various organisations of secret and security police should have been engaged in disentangling the secret for seven years—that is, since the death of the first of the victims, Shcherbakov. Granted that there was a plot, its windings must have been more profound than those outlined in the brief and simple explanation put forward. The timing of the announcement must also have possessed some significance.

The doctors concerned worked within the Kremlin. Their duty was to safeguard the health of its most prominent figures. It appears that seven out of the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SMOKE FROM UNDERGROUND FIRES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

nine implicated are of Jewish origin. There we may fancy we discern a link between this affair, the Slansky trial, and the denunciations of Israel and Zionism. For a long time Jewry was held in high honour in Russian Communist circles. It played a great part in the revolution and in the setting-up of the Bolshevik State. A notably high proportion of the original party leaders were Jews. More recently there has been a bitter campaign, directed ostensibly against Zionism only, but actually amounting to an anti-Semitism as strong as that of pre-revolutionary days. It is evident that Jews as such are now considered unreliable because Zionism has taken so strong a hold upon them and because Zionism is at once

combination lightly would be a grave error. I must confess that though little firm basis exists for building a theory about it, I regard it as sinister and serious. If we could think of it in terms of manoeuvre in the private "war" of the Russian succession only, it would still be grim and arresting. It is, however, possible to see in it something far more perturbing and deadly. I do

not assert that this must be so, but the possibility has to be taken into account. When the cultivator on the shore of the Bay of Naples sees the smoke thicken over Vesuvius he does not regard an eruption as certain, but he considers it.

As I have pointed out, Israel is regarded as nationalist and anti-Communist, in fact, counter-revolutionary. Israel lies in the Middle East, where it represents a solid element, whereas most of those about it are weak and fluctuating. Yet Israel lies a long way from Russian territory. Why, then, the denunciation? Is not one possible explanation that Russia is contemplating a state of affairs in which the behaviour of Israel will be of first-class importance to her? And what state of affairs

other than war in the Middle East could make it of first-class importance? It seems to me that, in these circumstances, the first thing a good military intelligence service would look out for would be deportations of Jews on whom Russia could readily lay hands, from Poland, for instance. There was no secret some time ago about the removal of Caucasian elements considered unreliable to the depths of Asiatic Russia. It is certain that the Russian campaign against Jewry is as profound as it is bitter. For the time being, at all events, the Jews are ranked as the most dangerous foes and are being more fiercely abused than any other race or section of mankind.

I have in the past written that some of those who set up to be experts on Russian affairs are unreliable because they pretend to know, when, in fact, they can only guess, even though their guessing may be intelligent. I make no pretence to be doing more than guessing in this instance. A very different explanation of the medical plot is being given in some circles. It is simply that the struggle for power has not been decided, that it is growing ever fiercer as the question of the succession draws nearer, and that a state of extreme confusion at the top therefore prevails. The result is that blows

are being struck in succession at every possible source of danger and that those dealt in Prague, in Moscow, and in Berlin are likely to be followed by others. This is indeed a possible explanation. It would be one more comfortable to accept than the other, because it would reduce rather than increase the risk of violent action, at least in the immediate future. A country as distracted and uncertain of itself as Russia must be if she indeed finds herself in the situation described would not be prepared to fight a great war.

I trust this is the correct interpretation and should not be greatly surprised to find that it was. In such cases, however, it is wise to pay more attention to the less happy alternative than to that which would be the more welcome. The obvious action to be taken in such a case is to reform the chaotic policy about which I wrote last week and which is preventing Western Europe from developing its full strength in defence. The politicians are fond of talking about their "tragic dilemma," by which they mean that they are prevented from taking steps desirable from the military point of view because their countries could not stand the economic strain involved. In the case about which I wrote last week, however, it has not been economic factors which have been the spanner in the works, but lack of nerve and resolution. In fact, this has been a more serious handicap than any economic pressure which the nations of Western Europe have had to face.

Whatever be the meaning of the announcement about the medical plot, it is not pure propaganda. It is not the sort of thing the rulers of any nation would care to admit if they could avoid doing so. We should perhaps find a spice of comedy in it but for the terrible strength of the nation involved and its power for destruction. It is this strength and the uncertainty as to how it may be exercised that have poisoned the years since the end of the war and hampered world recovery. Now, as another year begins, the fears and doubts associated with Russian policy are once again renewed. When people ask what is the remedy, the only answer is that it must be steady watchfulness and preparedness. Provocation and cringing are equally to be eschewed. This generation is being set a test of unexampled severity. Only by courage and refusal to be intimidated and stampeded into panic or despair can it hope to survive the ordeal.



THE NERVE-CENTRE OF SOVIET RUSSIA: THE GREAT KREMLIN PALACE, MOSCOW, SEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE U.S.S.R. The Kremlin, citadel of Moscow, is a great triangular-shaped enclosure containing many historic buildings, palaces, churches, and residences of former court officials. It is now occupied by the Soviet Government, and no one is admitted without special permission. The ponderous and massive architecture of the Great Kremlin Palace which we illustrate fits what Captain Falls refers to as "the terrible strength of the nation involved and its power for destruction." He continues: "Now, as another year begins, the fears and doubts associated with Russian policy are once again renewed. When people ask what is the remedy, the only answer is that it must be steady watchfulness and preparedness."



IN STRANGE CONTRADICTION TO THE ANTI-SEMITISM WHICH HAS DEVELOPED IN SOVIET RUSSIA AND HER SATELLITES: AN EAST BERLIN DEMONSTRATION IN MEMORY OF MURDERED JEWISH COMMUNISTS.

In the article on this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the "medical plot" denounced by Moscow, and the rising tide of anti-Semitism in the Soviet-controlled territories. He recalls that "a notably high proportion of the original party leaders were Jews." A strange commentary on the new persecution of Jews in East Berlin is provided by a parade held there in memory of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. The former took part in the revolution attempt in Russia in 1905, and in Germany later with Karl Liebknecht edited the *Rote Fahne* (Red Flag). On January 15, 1919, they were arrested on a charge of inciting street fighting in Berlin; and were murdered by Army officers when on their way to prison. The large banner in our photograph bears a portrait of a Communist who was shot during riots last year.

exclusively nationalist and closely linked with the United States. The State of Israel was set up largely with American money, and American Jewry exhibited its power by the influence it exerted upon portions of the United States Press, through its advertisers, at a critical period.

The announcement of the medical plot was almost simultaneous with a thorough purge in Eastern Germany. The latter would not have been surprising had it stood alone. Something approaching an economic crisis had occurred in the country. The purists in Moscow might well have decided that this was due to insufficiently strong adherence to Marxian principles and in particular to not having proceeded fast enough with the fashionable agricultural policy. Coming when it did, however, it cannot be divorced from the medical plot any more than from the affair in Prague. In my view, any tendency to take the





ONE OF THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF LIGHT WARSHIP: H.M. MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT *BOLD PIONEER*, POWERED BY GAS TURBINES IN COMBINATION WITH DIESEL ENGINES.



SHOWING HER UNUSUAL APPEARANCE, WITH HER FOUR-LEGGED LATTICE MAST CROWDED WITH RADAR EQUIPMENT: H.M.S. *BOLD PIONEER*, TRAVELLING AT SPEED.

THE NAVY'S FIRST OPERATIONAL GAS TURBINE-DIESEL WARSHIP: H.M. MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT *BOLD PIONEER*.

H.M.S. *Bold Pioneer*, which has been taking part in advanced trials, is one of the first two of a new class of light warship. She and H.M.S. *Bold Pathfinder*, largely sister ships, are motor torpedo-boats powered by gas turbines in combination with Diesel engines. The turbines have been developed from the *Gatric* engine which operated successfully in the Motor Gunboat 5559 (ex. 2009) in 1947, which was illustrated in our issue of September 13 of that year. She

was the first vessel to be driven by a marine gas turbine. *Bold Pioneer* and *Bold Pathfinder* carry abnormally heavy armament at very high speeds. *Bold Pioneer* was launched at the Cowes Yard of J. S. White and Co. in 1951; and *Bold Pathfinder* at the Portsmouth Yard of Vosper Ltd., in the same year. Both craft will carry a peacetime complement of two officers and sixteen ratings, and be armed with four 21-in. torpedo-tubes and one small gun.





# AIR-MINDED AUSTRALIA: ASPECTS OF THE WEEKLY AIR SERVICE ROUND THE REMOTE CATTLE STATIONS OF NORTH QUEENSLAND.

Last year our Special Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau, travelled over 50,000 miles by B.O.A.C., Q.A.N.T.A.S. and Australian National Airways, and in the course of his tour visited Ceylon, Bangkok, Singapore, and several places in Australia and Papua. A number of his drawings made during this tour have already appeared in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, including an illustration of the use of aircraft to fly the carcasses of slaughtered cattle direct from a cattle station at Glenroy, in the Kimberley area of Western Australia, to the coast for shipment. Here and on the facing page we reproduce further

sketches which illustrate the air-mindedness of the Australian people, particularly those of the "outback," whose lives have been revolutionised by the aircraft. Nowadays Australian National Airways run a weekly service round the remote cattle stations of North Queensland and provide one of their few links with civilisation. When possible, the aircraft lands, but should conditions prevent this, mail and unbreakable goods are dropped from the aircraft as it skims the ground. Among the passengers in these aircraft are sometimes aboriginals, moving from one station to another, who are quite unconcerned at this mode of travel.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, DURING A VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.

[Continued opposite.]





A TRADER IN A Q.A.N.T.A.S. CHARTERED AIRCRAFT RECLINES ON HIS BUNDLES OF STORE GOODS.



TRAVELLING UNACCOMPANIED TO SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA: YOUNG LONG DISTANCE TRAVELLERS SKETCHED IN A Q.A.N.T.A.S. AIRCRAFT BETWEEN SINGAPORE AND SYDNEY.



THE "FLYING DOCTOR" - AN URGENT CALL PUT THROUGH THE RADIO NETWORK BRINGS MEDICAL ASSISTANCE TO THE "OUTBACK".

#### AIR-MINDED AUSTRALIA: THE AIRBORNE "SHOP"; THE "FLYING DOCTOR"; AND TO SCHOOL BY AIRLINER.

*Continued.*

but require the assistance of the air hostess in filling up the necessary forms. Black stockmen have always been the mainstay of the cattle stations. It is quite a social occasion when the aircraft lands at a station. The passengers are entertained to tea by the owners of the near-by homestead while the cargo is being unloaded; and friendships are made or renewed. A familiar figure in North Queensland is the trader who tours the out-stations with his store goods in a chartered Q.A.N.T.A.S. aircraft, and the most welcome of all in times of stress is the "flying doctor," who can be contacted by an urgent call put through

the radio network, and is beside his patient's bedside within a matter of hours. The "flying doctor" medical service has indeed removed one of the greatest dangers of life on an out-station, that of being seriously ill or badly injured far from medical assistance. Captain Bryan de Grineau found that this air-mindedness begins at a very early age, for travelling in the Q.A.N.T.A.S. *Constellation* which took him from Singapore to Sydney were a number of young children on their way to school in Australia. These children were unaccompanied, but quite at home in the airliner and were no trouble to the air hostess.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, DURING A VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.





**THE WORLD'S FIRST PROPELLER TURBINE AIRLINER: THE VICKERS VISCOUNT, WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED "SUPER-PRIORITY" BY THE GOVERNMENT AND RECENTLY SET UP A LONDON TO COLOGNE RECORD.**

By courtesy of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Turner, was privileged to be on board the "flagship" *Discovery* of the *Viscount* airliners during her test flight at Weybridge on November 7. This drawing shows *Discovery* (aircraft of the *Viscount* class are to be named by B.E.A. after explorers and exploration ships) climbing to her cruising altitude in the cloud and weather conditions then prevailing. Powered by four Rolls-Royce R.Da.3 Dart "turbo-prop" engines, the *Viscount* is amazingly smooth and free from excessive noise and vibration in flight. She is designed to carry forty passengers in luxury, with plenty of space, good lighting and all comforts to hand or at call. The *Viscount* airliners have been designed for use on short- and medium-range routes, and have a maximum cruising speed of 336 m.p.h.

at 23,000 ft. Normal all-up weight is 56,000 lb., but it is to be developed gradually to a gross weight of 58,500 lb. In November it was announced that Trans-Canada Air Lines had signed a contract with Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. for fifteen Vickers *Viscount* airliners. The approximate value of the order, including spares, is 11,500,000 dollars (£4,100,000 sterling). Deliveries will start in September, 1954, and are to be completed by April, 1955. The airliners are being specially modified to T.C.A. requirements for use in the severe Canadian winter weather. They will each carry forty-eight passengers. The T.C.A. order is one of the largest single dollar orders for any commodity in any industry placed with a British company since the end of the war for equipment manufactured and assembled in Britain.

The T.C.A. *Viscounts* will be the first turbine-engined aircraft of any type to operate in North America. The flagship, R.M.A. *Discovery*, shown above, is the first of the twenty-six for British European Airways and was handed over to the Corporation on December 22. On January 22 this airliner set up the first speed record in a category established recently by the International Aeronautical Federation (F.A.I.) specifically for airliners when it flew the 331.5 statute miles from London Airport to Wahn Airport, Cologne, in 70 mins. 17 secs. at an average speed of about 282 m.p.h. At the time of writing the record is subject to official confirmation. The *Viscount's* time would have been much shorter had not bad weather near Cologne caused it to make an instrument approach with the aid of the "talk-down" system. It is to

be introduced shortly on B.E.A.'s Continental services, and this was in the nature of a proving flight. With many other orders for *Viscount* airliners in hand, Vickers-Armstrongs are pressing ahead with production with all possible speed. At the request of some prospective customers Vickers are considering a freight version of the *Viscount*. Eventually all *Viscount* production will be transferred to the company's new factory at Hurn Airport, Hampshire. It was announced on December 29 that the "super-priority" scheme for Service aircraft production was being extended to three types of civil aircraft—the *Comet*, the *Viscount* and the *Britannia*. The speeding-up of their output, which will result from the granting of "super-priority," should increase their prospects in the export market still further.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### NEW YEAR PARTIES IN THE WILD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

OUR attention was first drawn to the jays, while they were still out of sight, by the sounds they were making. Although we were barely within hearing distance, these sounds were sufficiently unusual as to demand further investigation. We had been walking all the morning through the woods, and had heard the usual harsh call of the jays repeatedly, but this was something entirely different. We made our way carefully through the undergrowth until, near the edge of the wood, we saw ten jays in a tree. Although in a group, they were nevertheless in pairs, displaying to each other, and talking to each other with soft, low, warbling notes. Suddenly, all would fly off in a bunch, screaming harshly, to land on the branches of another tree, there to separate again into pairs and resume their almost inaudible but entrancingly musical notes. We were not privileged to watch this for long, not because our presence disturbed the birds, for they seemed oblivious to anything but themselves, but merely because in the normal course of events they finally flew off across the fields to a more distant tree, screaming harshly as they went. In that distant tree they were too far away for us to hear the low notes, but we could, through our field-glasses, see them still displaying and playing, before once more setting off, again with their harsh cacophony, to a still further tree.

This event took place some years ago, and it was my first sight of what is called a ceremonial assembly. It seems that little is known about the purpose of these assemblies. The fact that they are seen early in the year, just prior to the breeding season, suggests that they are in some way associated with courtship. The displays accompanying them, the atmosphere of play, the soft, musical notes, all support this. And certainly it has all the appearance of a communal party where the young males and young females are meeting and selecting their partners. Whether the same birds meet again and again in the same groups, whether an individual wanders from one assembly to another until he or she meets the right partner, we do not know.

Each year since first seeing the jays, I have watched closely, at this time of year, for further signs of ceremonial assemblies, especially those of magpies, which are not only close relatives of jays, but behave so like them in this particular. According to Witherby's "Handbook of British Birds," anything from half-a-dozen to as many as 200 magpies may take part in a ceremonial assembly, a much more imposing figure than the greatest number of jays so far observed, which is thirty. In late winter, ordinarily only in the first six weeks of the year, the magpies meet. They jump about "amongst branches or even on the ground, posturing and chasing one another, or performing slow flights up into the air and back, often to the starting-point. The birds appear to be already paired and what appear to be sexual displays are recorded as part of the performance, the head-feathers being rapidly erected and depressed, the tail uplifted and opened and closed like a fan. At other times, the white feathers of the flanks and shoulders are fluffed out so as almost to conceal the black of the wings." The males may even hover "like kestrels a foot or so above the ground in front of their prospective mates."

I envy those who have seen such a gathering. It must be a wonderful sight. On the other hand, it

must be a rare sight, and a lucky accident for whoever witnesses it, although, according to Stewart, the same assembly ground is often frequented regularly for many years, and immature or non-breeding birds may resort to it even out of the breeding season, in summer. On several occasions I have seen twenty or thirty magpies gathered in a field, but always from the window of a moving train, so that hardly has the eye

human gatherings or parties. We have our ceremonial assemblies too, and no one can deny that many of them are accompanied by a good deal of display. Basically they have a social function, although the purpose is not always the same. Secondly, they do give opportunities for people to meet, and, so far as young people are concerned, the opportunity to meet and select a partner. There are even human parties or gatherings held when a "pair has come to grief," although the connotation is not identical with humans as with birds.

It is difficult to offer an interpretation in more precise terms, but the more one ponders the ceremonial assemblies of birds and compares them with the ceremonial occasions of mankind, the more one feels that the springs of conduct in the human and non-human animal have a common source. At all events, these springs are very widespread in the animal kingdom. One can, for example, think immediately of the assemblies on traditional grounds year by year, when the ruffs dance and posture, to be selected by the reeves; of the ceremonial gatherings of mallard, of albatross and many other kinds of birds. The gatherings of lizards, frogs, various kinds of fishes, even the so-called nuptial dances of gnats and midges, are all mere variations on the same theme, in spite of the apparently great differences between them. Even in those species that are gregarious all the year through, the display occasion—the ceremonial assembly—is a necessary part of the social round. Crows, rooks and jackdaws are close relatives of magpies and jays. They are, moreover, gregarious at all times, yet in late December and early January, the behaviour of a flock of rooks on the ground, and especially when in the air, shows many of the features of the ceremonial assemblies of magpies and jays. We see the same displays, we hear the more musical notes, and we see them tumbling and posturing in the air. The same thing is seen in jackdaws, and I was reminded, only this week, of the close similarity, when I came across a tree full of jackdaws behaving, in a general way, remarkably like a group of magpies or jays at a ceremonial assembly. This is the more remarkable since, being gregarious, jackdaws should have little need of such assemblies.

Finally, this is the time of year to keep watch not only on the birds, but on that charming and much-despised rodent, the squirrel. Normally solitary, it is for the most part silent, except when scolding an enemy. But

in January squirrels tend to gather, somewhat diffidently at first. And they bark more, and the bark has a different quality to the alarm note. As the weeks pass, their shyness ebbs until they too hold a party, a very brief but very lively affair, which one chances upon by accident. Then, anything up to a dozen squirrels may be seen moving rapidly over the branches of a large oak. Round and round the branches they go, up and down the trunk in what looks like a game of follow-my-leader. The whole ceremonial lasts only a minute or two before the party breaks up and disperses.

Perhaps the best understanding of "ceremonial assemblies" can be gained by first analysing the motives behind human social gatherings. Such an approach may be criticised as anthropomorphic. I find it revealing.



THE CEREMONIAL ASSEMBLY OF MAGPIES: THE BIRDS GATHER IN WINTER IN THEIR SCORES, OR EVEN HUNDREDS, TO PRANCE, POSTURE AND SHOW OFF THE FEATHERS

The ceremonial assembly, such as we illustrate here, is apparently a commonplace with magpies and jays, and possibly other birds, but they are seldom observed and we have little precise knowledge of their purpose.

Drawing by Jane Burton from "Animal Courtship" (Dr. Maurice Burton), shortly to be published by Hutchinson and Co.

weighed up the situation than the birds are out of sight. This year already we have seen such a gathering, from a car, when circumstances made it impossible to stop and turn about to watch events. Such frustrations merely illustrate the difficulties of obtaining observations on this phenomenon.

One theory put forward suggests that such gatherings may occur when a breeding pair has come to grief. Another, that the gatherings are only concerned secondarily with courtship, that they may take place, on a smaller scale, at all seasons of the year, and that they are primarily social. The likelihood is that all these suggestions are partially true at least, and merely reinforce the idea that social structures and the need for procreation are closely interwoven. To my mind, we can best appreciate their significance by comparing them directly with



CLAIMED AS A  
WORLD RECORD:  
MR. DEAN'S  
MONSTER 2372-LB.  
SHARK, BARNACLE  
PHYL, WITH WHICH  
HE HAS OUTDONE  
HIS LAST YEAR'S  
ACHIEVEMENT.

FISHERMEN'S hearts were stirred last week by news of great captures in home and in distant waters, for in addition to the announcements of the landing of two royal sturgeon off the shores of this country, came news of a great piscatorial feat from Australia. Mr. Alfred Dean of Victoria, who last year set up a world record with the white pointer shark of 2333 lb. which he caught on rod and line off Streaky Bay, some 373 miles from Adelaide, has outdone this achievement. He has landed a monster of 2372 lb. which measured 15 ft. 11 ins. in length and had a girth of 9 ft. 9 ins. The shark which he caught last year was illustrated in our issue of April 26, 1952. It measured 16 ft. 3 ins. in length and had a girth of 8 ft. 11 ins. It was caught on a 39-thread line, while the new monster, which fought fiercely for 95 mins. before being brought to the gaff, was caught on 54-thread line. Victory hung in the balance several times, on account of the presence of a second shark, which continued to circle round the cutter during the long battle. Mr. Dean has named his latest catch *Barnacle Phyl*, and his ambition now is to catch a second monster known as *Barnacle Lil*, known to haunt the same waters. This shark is a notorious character, with a long scar from the gills, and is believed to weigh as much as 3000 lb. Mr. Dean states that he hooked it on Good Friday last, but had to let the line break. When he had *Barnacle Phyl* hooked he immediately realised that he had joined battle with a great opponent. The shark leapt and dived and twisted, carrying the line out about 350 yards. Mr. Dean had to leave his chair and play the fish from the rigging of his craft. Streaky Bay is now the favourite fishing-ground of anglers anxious to pit their skill against the largest and fiercest of big-game fish. It will be recalled that Mr. Dean's 1952 catch of a 2333-lb. shark just beat the record of Sir Willoughby Norrie, the then Governor-General of Australia and now Governor-Elect of New Zealand, who captured a shark of 2225 lb. With his present exploit Mr. Alfred Dean claims two records, that of the 54-thread line title, and that of the all-tackle record.

(Photograph by M. E. Laffer.)



WITH THE 2372-LB. SHARK WHICH HE CAUGHT ON ROD AND LINE OFF STREAKY BAY, ON THE WEST COAST OF AUSTRALIA: MR. ALFRED DEAN, OF VICTORIA, WHO LAST YEAR SET UP A WORLD RECORD WITH A 2333-LB. WHITE POINTER SHARK CAUGHT IN THE SAME WATERS.



## NEWLY RESTORED: ST. BOTOLPH WITHOUT.

St. Botolph, Aldersgate, in the City of London, is first mentioned as "St. Botolph without Aldredesgate," and was in existence by 1260. It was repaired in 1627. It suffered but slight damage in the Great Fire but, having become dilapidated, in 1790 it was pulled down and the present church was built. During World War II, this church suffered from enemy action and has recently been restored. A thanksgiving service was arranged for January 30, when the church was to be reopened. The service, at which the Bishop of London arranged to give an address, also marked the new status of the building as a ward church of Aldersgate. Externally one of the most unprepossessing of the City churches, internally it is more attractive. It is divided into a nave and side aisles by Corinthian columns. There are galleries on the north, south and west. The large east window depicts angels ministering to Christ in the wilderness.



THE RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH WITHOUT, ALDERSGATE: AN INTERIOR VIEW SHOWING THE ARCHED CEILING. EXTERNALLY ONE OF THE MOST UNPREPOSSING OF THE CITY CHURCHES, INSIDE IT IS MORE ATTRACTIVE.



SCENE OF A THANKSGIVING SERVICE ARRANGED FOR JANUARY 30: THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH WITHOUT IN ALDERSGATE, WHICH SUFFERED FROM ENEMY ACTION BUT HAS NOW BEEN RESTORED.

## THE NEW AND OLD GUILDHALL ROOFS.



SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE STONE ARCHES: SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT'S DESIGN FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ROOF OF GUILDHALL.



SHOWING THE OPEN OAKEN ROOF DAMAGED BY ENEMY ACTION IN 1940: AN INTERIOR VIEW OF GUILDHALL, WITH THE ROOF DESIGNED BY SIR HORACE JONES.

On January 22, by a majority of only six votes, the Court of Common Council of the City of London approved Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's design for a roof for Guildhall which he believes to be "on the lines originally intended when the walls were built." It will be the fourth that will have been erected on the old walls. The original fifteenth-century roof was destroyed in the Fire of London, and the second, a Renaissance design by Sir Christopher Wren in the style of the period, remained for about 200 years. This Wren roof was removed in Victorian times and a conjectured restoration of the original mediaeval roof was erected in its place by Sir Horace Jones in 1865. This hammerbeam roof was destroyed by enemy action in 1940. The new roof will consist of stone arches with oak between them, and will allow for the introduction of clerestory windows, greatly improving the lighting of the interior.



## UNCOVERING A LOST CITY OF THE SAHARA: EXCAVATING SEDRATA, THE THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD CAPITAL OF THE IBADITES IN SOUTHERN ALGERIA.

By MARGUERITE VAN BERCHEM.

At some 500 miles south of Algiers, in the heart of the Saharan Desert, where dunes of sand extend as far as the eye can see, Mlle. Van Berchem, the daughter of the great Genevese orientalist Max Van Berchem, has in the course of two successive archaeological expeditions in 1951 and 1952 brought to light the extensive remains of the lost Ibadite capital of Sedrata, a Moslem city of the tenth to thirteenth centuries A.D.; and has discovered there remains of great historical interest and artistic beauty.

(Article and photographs copyright by Mlle. Van Berchem. The photographs taken during the 1952 expedition are the work of Mlle. Mireille Barde, Mlle. Van Berchem's assistant during the second expedition.)

THE City of Sedrata, or Isedratén, which derives its name from an ancient Berber tribe, was founded at the beginning of the tenth century by the Ibadites, Islamic schismatics of Berber origin, who were called, on account of their rigid principles and their close fidelity to the precepts of the Prophet, "The Pure of Islam."

Abandoning their kingdom and capital of Tahert (modern Tiaret, in the province of Oran) to the assaults of rival Arab tribes about the year 909 of our era, they fled under the guidance of their holy imâm, marching southwards as far as Ouargla. "In spite of the terrible fevers which ravage this region during the summer and the complete aridity of the surrounding desert," relate the ancient chroniclers, "they decided to build their city here, for they discovered at 200 ft. below the surface 'the Sea of the Deluge,' a vast subterranean water-level which covers the whole of this area, like a sort of hidden basin." Here the Ibadites settled down, resolved to fructify the soil and to preserve intact the heritage of their faith out of reach of their oppressors. "And springs of water of incredible abundance," adds the chronicler, "which flow from the wells dug by the fugitives soon made this desert blossom forth."

Thus was Sedrata born, and however fantastic this narrative may seem, it is more accurate than would appear, for when prospecting the site, with the valued co-operation of the Services de l'Hydraulique et de la Colonisation at Algiers, we came across a dense network of *seguias* (open-air conduits), which not only irrigated the vast zone of cultivation, but likewise palm-groves of oases

several miles distant. Four hundred thousand palm-trees, record the historians, thrived on the waters of Sedrata. The Ibadite capital, which attained the summit of prosperity during the tenth and eleventh centuries, had a short span of existence. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century—the actual date is still uncertain—these sectarians were again driven forth by their

now contains numerous and fervent adherents in North Africa commonly known under the name of Mozabites, are still filled with veneration for their ancient capital and the holy imâm who guided them into the desert; every year towards the end of April they return there in pilgrimage, Ibadites from Algeria, from Morocco, from Tunisia, from the Isle of Djerba, and from farther afield. Together they go across the sand-dunes, on foot or on donkey, to worship on the site of their ancient mosque, now marked by a pile of stones. Thus, for centuries past, from father to son, the memory of Sedrata has been kept alive.

On our first visit to the museum at Algiers in 1946,

our attention was arrested by fragments of sculptured plaster exhibited in glass cases, depicting Moslem art, unearthed during the last war on the emplacement of the Ibadite capital. We were struck by the originality and the elegance of the style of these decorations, unique of their kind, and we resolved to undertake afresh the search for the buried city, in spite of the temerity of such an undertaking in desert country so far distant from any civilised centre.

With the goodwill and support of Messieurs Leschi, Director of Antiquities of Algeria, Georges Marcais, Head of the Stéphane Gsell Museum at Algiers, M. H. Christofle, Chief Architect in charge of Historic Monuments, and the funds generously placed at our disposal by Messieurs Berton and Rols, respectively Directors of the Interior and of Fine Arts of the Government General of Algeria, we were enabled, in the face of considerable obstacles, which had to be overcome *in situ*, to undertake two fruitful campaigns during the winters of 1951 and 1952. In this we furthermore had the valuable support of

the Air and Ground Army Commands, and were enabled to carry out several air reconnaissances. The first of these flights disclosed an immense city spreading out irregularly over a distance of over a mile-and-a-quarter from north-west to south-east, and formed of independent agglomerations linked up by streets. Each of these groups occupies an eminence rising above the level of the desert, somewhat analogously to the Seven Hills of ancient Rome. The ground survey was particularly arduous. Whereas from the air the compact clusters of the houses, with the streets winding between them, could be clearly distinguished with other more prominent edifices and remains of ramparts flanked by square towers or by bastions (Fig. 2), on the ground nothing was distinguishable, all traces of the city disappearing under the immensity of the dunes of sand. At that moment the undertaking seemed beyond our strength and possibilities. Having only native labour, donkeys and *couffins* (baskets of plaited palm leaves or alfa grass) at our disposal, and with a complete absence of modern technical apparatus (Fig. 4) it appeared to be pure folly to attempt to remove such a vast quantity of sand. Only the exceptional interest attached to these excavations, in view of the scarcity of monuments in North Africa of that epoch, overcame our hesitations.

(Continued overleaf.)



FIG. 1. THE GREAT ROCK OF GARA KRIMA, WHICH EMERGES FROM THE DESERT NOT FAR FROM THE SITE OF THE MEDIEVAL CITY OF SEDRATA. TO THIS ROCK STRONGHOLD THE INHABITANTS WITHDREW WHEN THE CITY WAS ATTACKED. ON THE LEVEL SUMMIT CAN BE SEEN TRACES OF RUINS AND OF A CIRCULAR WELL.

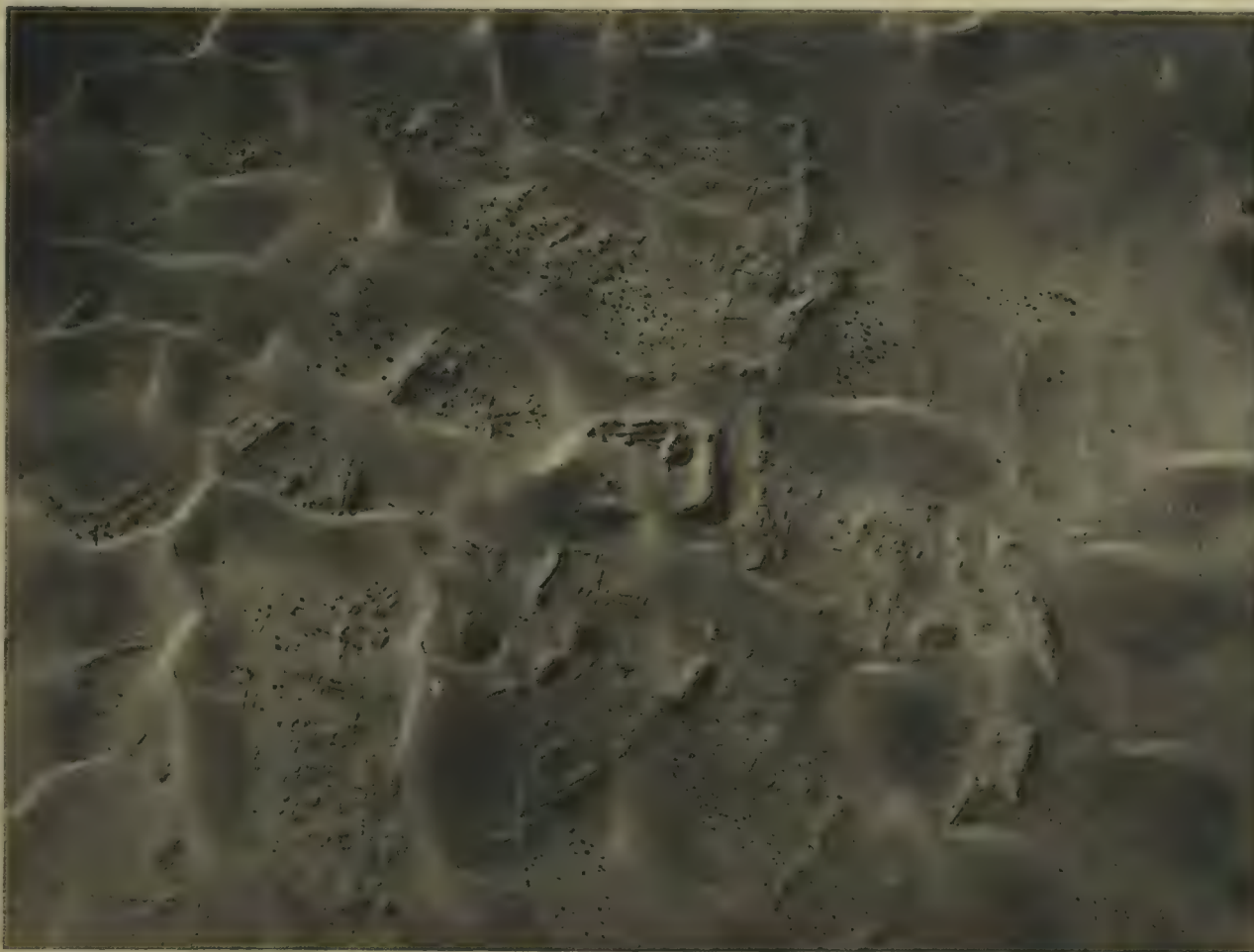


FIG. 2. HOW AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY SIMPLIFIED THE DISCOVERY OF THE LOST CITY OF SEDRATA.

A vertical photograph of part of the site, showing what is probably a palace at the northern end of the city, surrounded on the right by ramparts and square towers. Like the emergence of a palimpsest in a manuscript, the plan of compact clusters of houses, with streets winding between them, can be detected; and an important highway leading from the centre of the city can be seen on the left.

orthodox persecutors and constrained to seek asylum in the arid plateau of the Mزاب, easier to defend, and where they survive to this day. On being abandoned by its citizens, Sedrata was swiftly engulfed in the sands, and to-day the desert stretches as far as eye can see; the winter winds freeze them night and morn, while the noonday sun scorches down upon them. The Ibadites, however, whose present-day community

possibilities. Having only native labour, donkeys and *couffins* (baskets of plaited palm leaves or alfa grass) at our disposal, and with a complete absence of modern technical apparatus (Fig. 4) it appeared to be pure folly to attempt to remove such a vast quantity of sand. Only the exceptional interest attached to these excavations, in view of the scarcity of monuments in North Africa of that epoch, overcame our hesitations.



# A SAHARAN CAPITAL OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO: EXCAVATING THE LOST CITY OF SEDRATA.

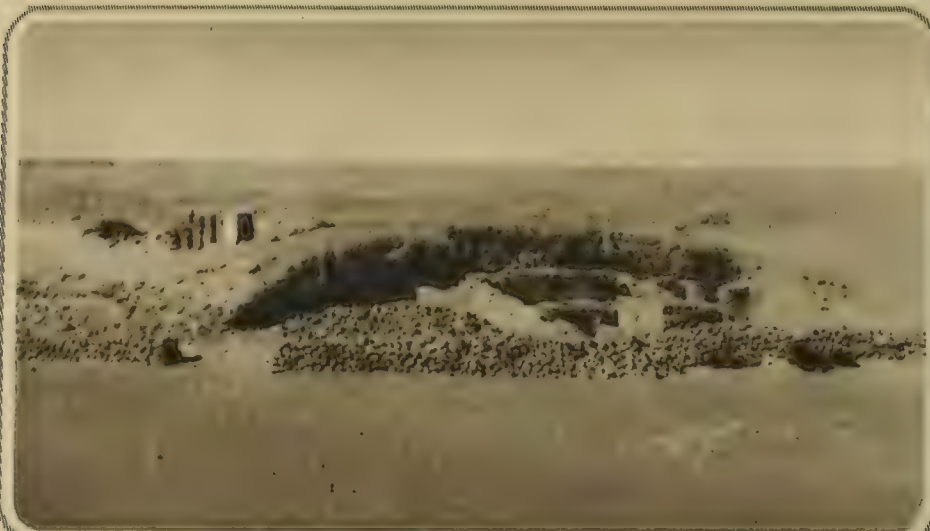


FIG. 3. EXCAVATING THE PALACE ON THE EASTERN OUTSKIRTS OF SEDRATA; A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORK DONE DURING THE 1952 EXPEDITION. PART OF THE TOWERED PERIMETER WALL CAN BE SEEN ON THE LEFT.



FIG. 4. A DETAIL OF THE SITE SHOWN IN FIG. 3. NO MODERN EXCAVATING METHODS WERE POSSIBLE, AND NATIVE LABOUR, WITH DONKEYS AND PLAITED BASKETS, WERE THE ONLY MEANS AVAILABLE FOR USE.



FIG. 5. A ROOM OF A SEDRATA HOUSE EXCAVATED IN 1951. REMAINS OF HORSESHOE ARCHES ARE CLEARLY VISIBLE. THE SQUARE NICHE HOUSED A LAMP, AND THE PILLARS RECALL THOSE OF THE 10TH CENTURY IBN-TULUN MOSQUE AT CAIRO.



FIG. 6. A DATE STOREROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE AS THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 5. TWO HUGE STORAGE JARS ARE SOLIDLY BUILT INTO THE MASONRY AND THERE ARE THE REMAINS OF TWO BUILT-IN STEPS LEADING UP THE OPENINGS OF THE JARS.

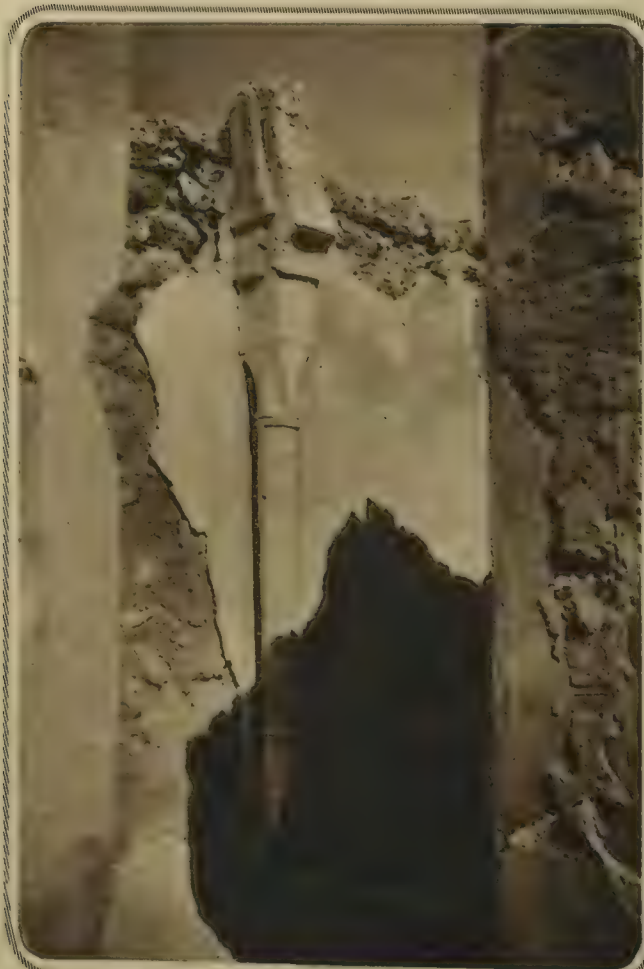


FIG. 7. A TALL COLUMN OF GREAT DELICACY WHICH ORIGINALLY SUPPORTED A HORSESHOE ARCH. AN ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL OF THE HOUSE OF WHICH OTHER PARTS ARE SHOWN IN FIGS. 5 AND 6.

[Continued.]

IN February 1951, therefore, we proceeded alone, with the hire of some twenty Arab workmen, to disengage a spacious dwelling (Figs. 5-7) situated at the western limits of the city, in the teeth of terrific sandstorms which considerably impeded our labours. Applying the methods of the natives of the South Saharan oases for protecting their crops from the sand, we immediately surrounded the excavated edifice with a palisade of *djerids*. These *djerids* are branches of palm dug into the sand and firmly attached together. (We had the satisfaction of finding on our return in the following year, that the palisade had entirely protected our site from being engulfed under the sand.)

The building had been almost totally covered, and in order to reach the floor of the rooms, 10 ft. of sand had to be removed. The walls, like all those of Sedrata, were built of rubble mixed with *timchent*, the grey plaster of the locality still employed to-day. The architectural features of the dwelling are of striking interest: to the east and west, a series of communicating rooms open out on to a central court, with delicate, thin columns (Fig. 7), or elegant pillars (Fig. 5), supporting horseshoe arches; one of the rooms, used as a date store, contained intact two huge jars solidly built into the masonry (Fig. 6). The second campaign has just come to a close. On the eastern outskirts of the city we unburied a very spacious and luxurious residence, probably a palace (Figs. 3-4), in which was found the debris of admirable decorations in sculptured plaster which lined the interior surface of the rooms; the [Continued opposite.



FIG. 8. SORTING OUT FRAGMENTS OF A MAGNIFICENT PANEL OF SCULPTURED PLASTER, WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE PALACE SHOWN IN FIG. 3. THE PANEL IS ILLUSTRATED IN DETAIL OPPOSITE IN FIG. 13.



# THE LACE-LIKE CARVING OF IBADITE SEDRATA: DISCOVERING A LOST "STORE-HOUSE" OF ISLAMIC ART.



FIG. 9. A CARVED PLASTER DECORATION OF THE SEDRATA PALACE: A LARGE ROSE-SHAPED MOTIF CHARACTERISTICALLY BERBER IN INSPIRATION, AND A DESIGN STILL TO BE SEEN IN WOODCARVINGS AND WOVEN TISSUES.

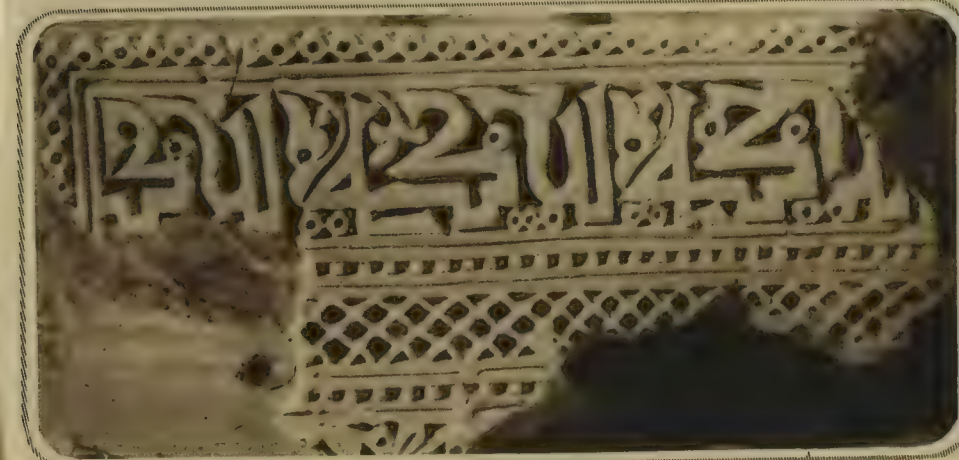


FIG. 10. A FRAGMENT OF A KUFIC INSCRIPTION SIGNIFYING "BARAKAH" (I.E., BLESSING, ABUNDANCE). DATED BY ITS STYLE TO THE SECOND HALF OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY. THE HONEYCOMB BORDER IS OVER AN INCH DEEP.



FIG. 11. PART OF THE CARVED PLASTER PANELLING DISCOVERED AT SEDRATA IN 1952. THE ORNAMENTATION HERE RECALLS THAT FOUND IN OMMEYYAD SPAIN, AND MAY BE COMPARED WITH THAT IN THE GREAT MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

*Continued.*

reproductions which we give here (Figs. 8-13) impart a very imperfect impression of the amazing wealth and variety of this ornamentation. In spite of the bad condition of these sculptured panels, which lay battered under the sand, for the destroyers of Sedrata appear to have subjected them to considerable violence, we managed, in spite of the difficulties to be overcome, to retrieve for the Museum of Algiers a complete chamber of the palace, which we hope to reconstitute. This chamber measures roughly 42 ft. by 7 ft.; at both ends were *iwans* surmounted by an arch supported on round columns. Several inscriptions in beautiful Kufic characters enable the approximate date of the decoration to be attributed to the latter half of the eleventh century (Fig. 10). In the palace court were recovered quantities of fragments of amphoræ, some of these glazed. While it is premature yet to define the character of this ornamentation, it would appear however to contain the last vestiges of Christian art in Africa, of which so little is at present known. With the Hellenistic traditions, still preserved in their vigour here, are blended many Oriental elements (Fig. 13). The fusion of two great civilisations accounts for the wealth and the variety of the ornamentations found at Sedrata, and opens up a new chapter in the general history of art.



FIG. 12. A LARGE AND REMARKABLE PANEL OF CARVED PLASTER (OVER 3 FT. HIGH), WITH A TAPESTRY-LIKE EFFECT. THE LOWER HALF SUGGESTS STYLISED PALM-TREES AND IS POSSIBLY OF PERSIAN INSPIRATION.



FIG. 13. PART OF THE DETAIL OF A VERY FINE PANEL, ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 8. IN IT CAN BE TRACED THE SURVIVAL OF CERTAIN HELLENISTIC TRADITIONS BLENDING WITH ORIENTAL FEATURES AND MOTIFS.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN my last article I mentioned that very distinguished Alpine plant, *Campanula allionii*, and especially a variety, *C. a. grandiflora*, which I grew for a number of years

prior to 1918, and then lost. This form had very much larger bells than any other that I have ever seen, and they were of a particularly fine deep violet.

As a wild species, *Campanula allionii* is relatively rare, curiously local in occurrence, and extremely variable as to the size, shape and colour of its bells. But having once met the plant, one could never mistake any of its many forms for anything but *Campanula allionii*. The colonies of narrow, slightly hairy leaves squatting around tight upon the ground in groups of a dozen or more are distinctive, and the great bells, like Canterbury bells in reduced circumstances, each on a stem no more than an inch or a couple of inches high, are unmistakable. There are certain rare plants as to whose exact habitats one can not be too reticent, lest hordes of vandals, armed to the teeth with picks, shovels and trowels, rush to the spot and carry off—in sponge-bags—the last remaining specimens. But rare though *Campanula allionii* is, I have no hesitation in telling all who may be interested exactly when and where to go and see it growing and flowering in the utmost profusion. It is that very profusion, coupled with the particular type of terrain that it inhabits, that makes it safe to tell of *allionii*'s home at the Col de Lautaret, in the Dauphiné Alps.

I have visited Lautaret many times, for, as a centre from which to see and collect Alpines, it would be hard to beat. And to get there? The ideal way would be to motor the whole way. Alternatively, one could fly to the nearest airport and so on by motor-coach. In the past I have always gone by train. It's tedious and tiresome, but personally I enjoy every minute of the journey, and every petty annoyance, even to dealing with the most rapacious importunities of porters and other tip-hunting blackmailers. First to Paris. No need to dwell upon that section of the journey. You know it, of course; but if not, anyone will tell you the way. On from Paris to Grenoble by the night train, which leaves at about 9.30 and arrives in time for *petit déjeuner*. I rather like Grenoble—for a few hours. A big, busy, rather noisy town. Looking down almost any of the wide streets, one is lured and encouraged by vistas of distant—and not so very distant—mountains. After a look round Grenoble and a little mild shopping—the place is famed for its fine leather goods, lizard-skin bags, purses, wallets, etc.—there is the last lap of the journey, a three-hour run by motor-coach to the Hotel des Glaciers at the top of the Col de Lautaret. First a long, level stretch of rich farm and fruit land, with vines, almonds, orchards, and the famous Grenoble walnuts. Then a sharp turn into the mountains, and before long there is a long, sinister section of hydro-electric plant, an inferno of factories, doing goodness knows what amid magnificent mountain scenery. Above all this, the road goes winding and looping on, up through Alpine villages, which become more and more primitive and picturesque as one mounts. Snow mountains begin to appear ahead, and the air becomes cool and crisp. Down in the lowlands it was almost intolerably hot, but if you are wise you will have left out a pullover for this last part of the journey. Up here, haymaking is in full swing. The little meadows are so brilliant with flowers that they look like herbaceous borders gone mad. They are filled with violet salvia and rose-red sainfoin, marguerites, globe-flowers, crane's-bills, *Anemone alpina* and poet narcissus, etc. On the roadside rocks are primulas

## CAMPANULA ALLIONII.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and saxifrages; and at last there are the true Alpine lawns—short, fine turf jewelled with gentians and mountain pansies, potentillas, ground orchids, bird's-eye primroses, anemones, etc., in greater abundance and beauty than anyone has any right to expect or hope for.

And the Hotel des Glaciers? It is the sort of hotel I like best—in the High Alps. Typically French, sufficiently comfortable without being Ritzzy, with hundreds of acres of flowered lawn and hayfield all around and at one's very door. There are places—

climber. The altitude is somewhere about 7000 ft.

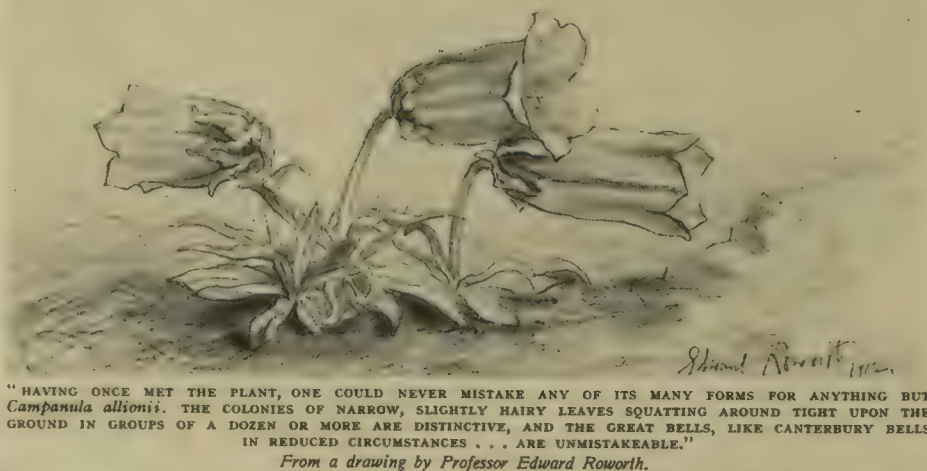
But about *Campanula allionii*. Nothing could be simpler. The best time of year to see it in flower is about the last week in June and, incidentally, that is the pleasantest time to be at Lautaret. The French holiday season has not begun, so that you have the place pretty much to yourself. Nor will the great flocks of sheep have arrived from the lowlands to batten and fatten on the pansies and the gentians, though they may turn up any day to strip those flowered lawns. The road up from Grenoble passes the hotel at Lautaret, and then starts winding down the other side of the pass to Briançon. Follow this road down for perhaps two or three miles. On the left-hand side of the road the ground rises steeply in broken screes and cliffs. On the right it slopes down to a stream which follows the road—or the road follows it—down the valley.

Carry on until you come to the remains of a ruined road tunnel on the left-hand side of the road. There are pines on the slope, on the right of the road. All about the ruined road tunnel there is much rough, broken ground on both sides of the road, and it is here that *Campanula allionii* grows by the thousand. If it is in flower, as it should be in late June and early July, you can not possibly miss colonies of great bells scattered about over the stony scree soil. Many of them grow within a few yards of the road. But the *allionii* territory is curiously limited. It begins and ends abruptly and absolutely. At a guess, from memory, I would say that it inhabits a belt of

mountainside not more than two or three hundred yards wide. But it extends down the rough slope below the road almost to the floor of the valley, and up the slopes above the road far higher than I have ever explored. It is because of that *allionii* territory above the road that I do not hesitate to tell of this station for the plant. There must be great, impregnable strongholds up there, out of reach of any collector, from which seeds must for ever be finding their way down to replenish the slopes below.

The root systems of wild specimens of *Campanula allionii* are different from the roots of most cultivated specimens. A wild *allionii* has a stout, fleshy rat-tail of a tap-root plunging deep into the shingly scree soil, and from the crown of this tap, which is a few inches below ground, running shoots wander off to surface in a colony of leaf rosettes and flowers. Cultivated *allionii*s which have been propagated by removing and planting these slender shoots never make any tap-root. They just spread around like twigs. In the garden, *C. allionii* is not difficult to grow. I have seen it growing and flowering well in a bed of stiff loam. But that is not what it likes best. To make it truly happy and comfortable give it a

fairly light soil, with a great deal of broken stone mixed in, so that it can run around and erupt freely to produce its astonishing bells. A stone trough filled with stony scree soil would make a delightful and worthy home for it. If you go to collect *C. allionii*, you will find great variation as to size, shape and colour of the bells; long and narrow, or short and tubby; lilac, light violet, pinkish mauve or, if you look far and wide and are very lucky, you may find a white, a lavender blue, a deep violet or even a pale pink. But whichever individual plant you decide to collect, make sure that you get the tap-root as well as the wandering upper shoots. Sit down by your plant and patiently remove stones, soil and sand until the whole plant is exposed, and then bring it home, wrapped in moss which is mildly damp, but not wringing wet.



"HAVING ONCE MET THE PLANT, ONE COULD NEVER MISTAKE ANY OF ITS MANY FORMS FOR ANYTHING BUT *Campanula allionii*. THE COLONIES OF NARROW, SLIGHTLY HAIRY LEAVES SQUATTING AROUND TIGHT UPON THE GROUND IN GROUPS OF A DOZEN OR MORE ARE DISTINCTIVE, AND THE GREAT BELLS, LIKE CANTERBURY BELLS IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES . . . ARE UNMISTAKEABLE."

From a drawing by Professor Edward Roworth.



A YOUNG POT-GROWN SPECIMEN OF *Campanula allionii*: "YOU WILL FIND GREAT VARIATION AS TO SIZE, SHAPE AND COLOUR OF THE BELLS; LONG AND NARROW, OR SHORT AND TUBBY; LILAC, LIGHT VIOLET, PINKISH MAUVE, OR, IF YOU LOOK FAR AND WIDE AND ARE VERY LUCKY, YOU MAY FIND A WHITE, A LAVENDER BLUE, A DEEP VIOLET OR EVEN A PALE PINK."

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.

apart from lawns and meadows—for every type of Alpine plant—screes and swampy places, rocks, cliffs and precipices. The timid and the infirm may wander for miles amid the flowers without a qualm, and yet there is scope for the most goat-hearted

### "AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.



SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**MR. A. D. GERRARD, Q.C.**  
Appointed a Judge of the High Court. Mr. A. D. Gerrard, Q.C., Judge of Appeal of the Isle of Man since 1950, was called to the Bar, Gray's Inn, in 1927. He was Recorder of Salford, 1945-48; and has been Judge of the Salford Hundred Court of Record since 1948.



**MR. J. L. READING.**  
Director of the London Sections of the British Industries Fair, Mr. J. L. Reading took over this post on January 1. He was previously an Assistant Secretary in the Board of Trade. From 1931 to 1939 he served in the Department of Overseas Trade.



**SIR E. P. PULBROOK.**  
Died on January 20, aged seventy-one. Sir E. P. Pulbrook was chairman of Lloyd's nine times. He joined Lloyd's in 1899, and in 1921 was elected to the Committee. He became chairman in 1926, being then the youngest man to hold that position.



**MARY DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.**  
Appointed Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty the Queen, Mary Duchess of Devonshire is the widow of the tenth Duke. The Mistress of the Robes is the nearest attendant of her Majesty on all State occasions.



**MR. A. E. DAVIES.**  
Died at sea on January 19 on his way to the West Indies with a delegation. Mr. A. E. Davies, Labour M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent since 1950, worked as a railway clerk from the age of fourteen till he was elected M.P. for Burslem in 1945.



**MR. WILLIAM BEATTIE.**  
Appointed Librarian of the National Library of Scotland in succession to Mr. M. R. Dobie, who retires under the age limit on July 13. Mr. W. Beattie, Keeper of the Printed Books, National Library of Scotland, since 1931, was born in 1903.



**CPL. (ACTING) C. L. LOWES, R.A.M.C.**  
Awarded the George Medal for cool and calculated courage of the highest order in Korea. Corporal Colin Leyshon Lowes, R.A.M.C., entered a minefield to succour a wounded comrade; and after attending to him returned to the minefield boundary, marking out a safe route for the stretcher party.



**MAKING A TOUR OF THE ZOO: MR. GEORGE CANSDALE, WHOSE APPOINTMENT AS SUPERINTENDENT HAS BEEN TERMINATED.**  
The Council of the Zoological Society issued a statement on January 21 saying that the post of Superintendent of the London Zoo was being ended for reasons of economy. This post has been held by Mr. George Cansdale since 1948. Mr. Cansdale, who is forty-three, has written books and articles on natural history and has made many sound and television broadcasts. He served in the Gold Coast with the Colonial Forestry Service from 1934 to 1948.



**LORD BROUGHSHANE.**  
Died on January 19, aged eighty. Lord Broughshane, formerly Sir W. H. Davison, was raised to the peerage in 1945. He was Unionist M.P. for South Kensington from 1918-45, and Mayor of Kensington, 1913-19. In World War I, he raised men for two territorial bns. and one Service Btn. in the New Army.



**LIEUT.-COLONEL K. COOPER.**  
One of the newest arrivals at the W.R.A.C. Officers' Staff College at Frimley Park, Camberley, Surrey, is Lieut.-Colonel Kathleen Cooper, who has just been promoted from the rank of Major and is now one of the instructors at the College. She is one of the few who have been in the service since before the war, and she has served in many countries.



**THE RETIRING U.S. AMBASSADOR ENTERTAINED BY THE PILGRIMS: MR. W. S. GIFFORD (L.) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. EDEN, WITH LORD HALIFAX (CENTRE).**  
The Pilgrims held a dinner in honour of Mr. W. S. Gifford, the retiring American Ambassador, on January 21, at which the Earl of Halifax presided and proposed the toast of "Our Guest" which was supported by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden. Mr. Gifford referred to the dawning of the new Elizabethan Age which had rekindled the hopes and energies of a great nation and Commonwealth.



**MRS. EDITH MARION FREEMAN.**  
Reached the age of 100 on January 24. Mrs. Freeman, mother of nine children, has a family of 100, including sons and daughters-in-law and descendants. The late Sir Ralph Freeman, designer of Sydney Harbour Bridge, was her son, and her living children include Mr. Peter Freeman, Socialist M.P. for Newport, Mr. Frank Freeman, an architect, and Dr. Ada Dansie.



**THE C.I.G.S.'S TOUR OF MILITARY UNITS IN SOUTHERN COMMAND: GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING INSPECTING MEN OF AN R.E. TRAINING REGIMENT.**  
The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Harding, began a tour of military units in Southern Command on January 21 with a visit to three Royal Engineer training regiments at Aldershot. During an inspection of two hours' duration he saw men in the first stages of their fourteen weeks' course and others nearing its end, who were occupied in various technical tasks. The men were Regular Army and National Service recruits.



**MISS DAWN KATHIGASAU.**  
Arrived in Britain from Penang recently to study medicine. At seven she was the youngest heroine of the Malayan war. After her parents had been arrested by the Japanese for underground activities in 1943, Dawn was bound and hung from a tree over a fire. The Japanese threatened to burn her alive unless her mother gave them information; the child ignored her mother, who had already been tortured, not to speak and was only saved from death by the intervention of a Japanese officer.



**THE PRIME MINISTER IN JAMAICA: MR. CHURCHILL AFTER RECEIVING THE KEY OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, WITH THE MAYOR, MR. FAGAN (R.).**  
Mr. Churchill on January 17 paid a formal visit to Kingston, capital of Jamaica. With Mrs. Churchill, he drove from the Prospect Estate, where he spent his holiday. On Queen Victoria's Parade the key of the city was presented to him, and he became a Freeman of Kingston. The guard of honour consisted of the 1st Battalion The Royal Welch Fusiliers and the Jamaica Battalion with the Zouave-uniformed Jamaica military band.



# A GLORY OF WINCHESTER'S RENOVATED CHAPEL: THE RESTORED GLASS.

IN *The Illustrated London News* of April 1, 1950, we published an article by Mr. John Harvey, F.S.A., architect to Winchester College, in which he told the extraordinary history of the glass which William of Wykeham ordered for the chapel of Winchester College, which he founded in the fourteenth century. The glass, regarded by Wykeham himself as of special importance, was a masterpiece of Thomas of Oxford, the greatest glass-painter of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. Though it is known from entries in the accounts that frequent repairs were carried out, Mr. Harvey says that "the glass remained substantially intact for more than four centuries." Early last century the glass was sent away for repair to a firm in

(Continued below.)



THE FIRST SUBSTANTIAL PIECE OF FIGURE GLASS TO BE RECOVERED BY THE COLLEGE: THE HALF-FIGURE OF KING AHAZ DISCOVERED IN A GLAZIER'S WORKSHOP AND PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE BY DR. STANLEY BAKER IN 1937.



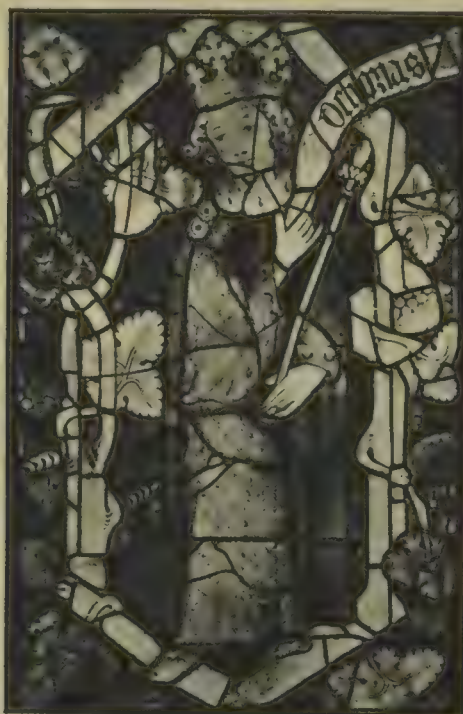
CUT DOWN FOR USE AT ETTINGTON PARK AND NOW RECONSTRUCTED IN ITS ORIGINAL SIZE: A LIGHT SHOWING KING ABSALOM IN A WRAP OF ERMINE IN THE EAST WINDOW.



NAMED AS MOST OF THE MAIN FIGURES IN THE JESSE TREE WITH A SCROLL: THE PROPHET ZACHARIAS. THE FACES ABOVE ARE FRAGMENTS FROM THE LAST JUDGEMENT, WHICH OCCUPIED THE UPPER LIGHTS OF THE WINDOW.



ONE OF THE HALF-FIGURES, OF WHICH THE REMAINDER HAS BEEN LOST: KING MANASSES, NOW NOT ONLY RESTORED TO THE COLLEGE BUT TO ITS FORMER GLORY BY CLEANING.



REPRESENTED HOLDING A SCEPTRE AND CROWNED: THE YOUTHFUL KING OCHOZIAS (AHAZIAH). THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FIGURES IN THE WINDOW.



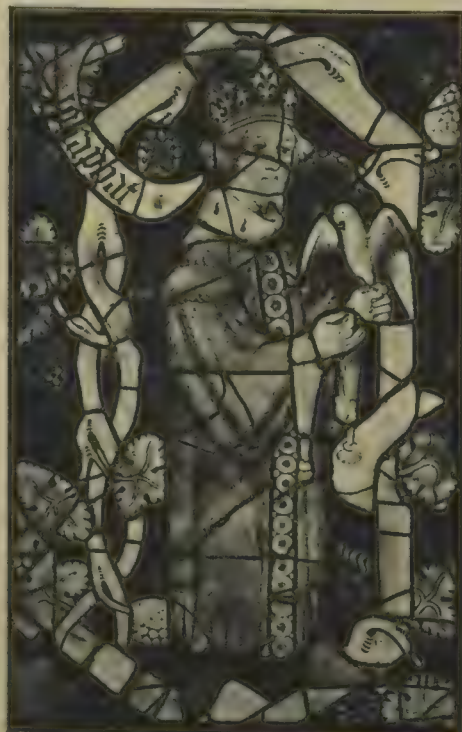
DEPOSITED ON LOAN BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, FOR WHICH IT WAS BOUGHT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: THE FIGURE OF KING JOASH.

(Continued.) munificent generosity of Sir Kenneth Clark. The work of restoring translucency and colour to the ancient glass was entrusted to Messrs. G. King and Son, Ltd., of Norwich. Before embarking on his important task, Mr. Dennis King spent a year in research and experimental work, with the assistance of glass technologists, chemists and opticians. A safe and practicable method had to be found of removing the corrosion which had covered the outside surface of the glass with an opaque film. This involved the grinding away of the opaque layer piece by piece, followed by the repolishing of the exposed surface. On these pages we show photographs of some of the original fourteenth-century glass now happily back once more in its rightful

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.) Shrewsbury who undertook to "retouch the colours, and to restore the glass to its original condition." In fact, the glass which was put back was not the original, but a copy. Over twenty years passed "before any writer on the College recognised the substitution that had taken place." The story of the long and patient recovery of much of this original glass from several sources spans many years and, as already stated, was previously told in *The Illustrated London News* at the time when the Warden and Fellows of Winchester College appealed to Old Wykehamists for the funds needed to restore the glass and place it once more in Winchester College Chapel. The greater part of the restored glass was recovered from Ettington Church, in Warwickshire, owing to the

(Continued right, centre.)



KING JOSAPHAT HOLDING A HAWK. THE CROWN IS OF A CHARACTERISTIC SHAPE AND HAS HELPED TO IDENTIFY VARIOUS FRAGMENTS OF THE WINDOW AS COMING FROM WINCHESTER.



SHOWN IN AN ATTITUDE OF BLESSING, OR PERHAPS OF ADMONITION: THE PROPHET MICAH. MUCH OF THE ORIGINAL GLASS WAS COVERED WITH A THIN OPAQUE FILM WHEN FOUND.



THE PROPHET NATHAN. THE FRAGMENT (LOWER RIGHT) REPRESENTS THE FINGERS OF JESSE HOLDING A STEM OF THE TREE, BUT NO OTHER FRAGMENT OF THIS FIGURE IS AT PRESENT KNOWN.





THE YOUTHFUL ST. JOHN. ONLY HALF THIS FIGURE REMAINS. THE FRAGMENTS ABOVE ORIGINALLY CAME FROM THE LAST JUDGEMENT IN THE EAST WINDOW.

RESTORED AND IN ITS  
RIGHTFUL SETTING  
AFTER A LAPSE OF  
OVER A CENTURY:  
PART OF WINCHESTER  
COLLEGE CHAPEL'S  
STAINED GLASS.

*Continued.*  
setting in Winchester College Chapel. These photographs show the glass as it now appears, with its translucency restored. The whole of the interior of the Chapel has recently been cleaned and renovated on a scale not attempted for over a hundred years.



(RIGHT.)  
JOHN THE  
BAPTIST AND  
RICHARD II.  
THE FACE OF  
THE KING HAS  
BEEN CUT  
ACROSS WITH  
A GROZING TOOL  
(A PLUMBER'S  
SOLDERING  
INSTRUMENT)  
AT SOME POINT  
IN ITS HISTORY.



THE RECONSTRUCTED FIGURE OF THE VIRGIN FROM THE CENTRE OF THE EAST WINDOW. THE WINDOW CONTAINED THREE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE VIRGIN, OF WHICH THIS IS ON A LARGER SCALE THAN THE OTHER TWO.



ORIGINALLY IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE GREAT EAST WINDOW: THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ADORED BY WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM. THE BISHOP'S HEAD IS ONE OF ONLY TWO PIECES OF MODERN GLASS IN THE WINDOW.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## UP AND COMING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE murmur glumly in these days about the dearth of young dramatists. True, although as many people as ever seem to be writing plays, few can keep it up. Roger MacDougall is one of the few. He has had four produced so far: all have had quality, and it is strange that the best of the four, "The Gentle Gunman," did not get beyond the Arts Theatre Club.

"To Dorothy, A Son" was the light comedy in which Yolande Donlan suddenly looked into a cottage near Dorking; "The Gentle Gunman" was about an I.R.A. man with an unfashionable desire for peaceful persuasion; "Macadam and Eve" brought back the old Adam himself, to a Scottish seaside resort in the rain; and now "Escapade," at the St. James's, sends a boy of sixteen flying to a U.N.O. Conference with a peace manifesto from his school.

The boy is called, wildly, Icarus. Even in so curiously-fashioned a play as this, the christening startles us. We understand only when news of the flight is broken towards the end of the second act. (Mr. MacDougall has rammed home the jest hard; but his jokes are rarely subtle.) Icarus never arrives in person: he is one of the absent guests of the Drama, always outside the door, spoken of but never seen. Maybe it is wise of Mr. MacDougall not to produce him in the play. We have our own fairly clear idea of the boy; and in any event, the evening is crowded and muddled enough already; no room for further distractions.

It is muddled because the dramatist, prickling with ideas—not a common state in our theatre—insists upon getting them all in without troubling to be plausible. At least, that was how it appeared to one listener, leaving the St. James's a little battered after a long evening. The mood of the play is always shifting. It flicks about, through farce and comedy, to a last scene in which Mr. MacDougall is asking for our tears. Nobody at least can hold that this is an evening like any other.

"What exactly is he saying?" asked somebody on the steps of the St. James's. He is saying a good many things: for example, that one sees most clearly in youth and in advancing age: vision in the middle period is blurred. A schoolboy in the play exclaims: "The world's full of old blokes signing bits of paper, and that doesn't get us very far, does it?" A grandmother, acted beautifully by Edith Sharpe (whom we are glad to see back in the West End theatre), says, in effect: "What the world needs is the simplicity of a saint, and it is that that comes up freshly in each generation." But Mr. MacDougall has much to say about parents and children, about education—Ernest Clark, as a headmaster, has suddenly to deliver a three-minute address on educational methods—and about the relations of husband and wife. And all the while we are in a strange world, on the edge of toppling into farce.

John Hampden—is there anything in Mr. MacDougall's choice of name?—is a distinguished author, a more or less militant pacifist. When he tries to organise an authors' peace manifesto, the result is chaos. He can neither keep the peace in his home, where his wife, very properly, rebels, nor with his colleagues. Meanwhile, his three sons, at a boarding-school near London, are working for peace in their own way. It is a highly individual way in

which the headmaster's unco-operative son is knocked unconscious, and the chemistry master is wounded in the thigh by a ball-bearing fired from a home-made blunderbuss constructed during "Useful Work." But presently Icarus and his brothers, in a borrowed aircraft, are flying towards Venice and a U.N.O.



"AS AN INTELLECTUAL CAPER, A THEATRICAL ESCAPE, THE ANECDOTE HAS QUALITY; BUT WE SHOULD BEWARE OF CALLING IT A MASTERPIECE": "ESCAPE" (ST. JAMES'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH ONE OF THE BOYS, DAVENTRY (ALEC MCCOWEN), DOES A LITTLE FILIBUSTERING TO TRY AND STAVE OFF QUESTIONS FROM STELLA HAMPDEN (PHYLLIS CALVERT) AND JOHN HAMPDEN (NIGEL PATRICK) ABOUT THE WHEREABOUTS OF THEIR SON ICARUS. THE HEADMASTER, DR. SKILLINGWORTH (ERNEST CLARK), LOOKS ON (RIGHT).



"ROGER MACDOUGALL'S UNTIDY AND ORIGINAL PLAY ABOUT THE SCHOOLBOY, CALLED ICARUS, WHO CARRIES HIS OWN PEACE MANIFESTO TO A U.N.O. CONFERENCE": "ESCAPE" (ST. JAMES'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, IN WHICH PATON (LANCE SECRETAN) ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS FROM THE HEADMASTER (ERNEST CLARK) ABOUT A HOME-MADE PISTOL. THE SECRETARY, MISS BETTS (DOROTHY TURNER), IS HORRIFIED WHEN PATON PUTS HIS EYE TO THE BARREL AND CALMLY ANNOUNCES THAT IT HAS BEEN FIRED RECENTLY.

Conference with their own peace manifesto, framed by Icarus and signed by the school. They have taken

the hard way to deliver the message, in order to prove that there is no cowardice behind a wish for peace.

It is for the playgoer to learn what happens in this extraordinary tale. It looked likely at first to be no more than a contrast between the father's ideals and the world about him—the quarrels with his wife and his guest and his children's headmaster; news that one of his sons is regarded as "an unholy cross between Sugar Ray Robinson and Dracula," and so forth. But it becomes clear that there is more than this in Mr. MacDougall's mind. Very much more. Even the cartooned headmaster must turn surprisingly human. Schoolboys must speak with a precocious wisdom. A Fleet Street man—and the dramatist has odd ideas about Fleet Street—must change from tarnished brass to gold.

This is, in short, a wildly untidy jackdaw's nest of a play. Mr. MacDougall irritates; he can also be impressive and amusing. It is as if he were composing a pastiche, now of Shaw, now of Bridie. The first-night audience cheered, though I am unsure if it knew what exactly it was cheering. One thing at least is obvious: that Roger MacDougall is a dramatist with a mind; that he is still on our select and short list of hopes for the future.

The players at the St. James's do everything they can. I hardly think that Nigel Patrick is well cast as the father. He is a charming actor, and

here his charm is wasted. Phyllis Calvert as his wife, and Edith Sharpe as his mother, are in fine form; Ernest Clark gains our respect as the unlikely headmaster; and, as two schoolboys, Lance Secretan and Alec McCowen have an agreeable forthrightness. Half-a-dozen other parts are unnecessary. There remain Hugh Griffith, as one idea of Fleet Street; and that excellent actor, Michael Aldridge, condemned to droop about the stage as a family friend who plays the french horn. As an intellectual caper, a theatrical escapade, the anecdote has quality; but we should beware of calling it a masterpiece. "The Gentle Gunman," also with a pacific theme, remains Mr. MacDougall's best work for the theatre. ("Escapade" will undoubtedly turn up one day as a film; there, no doubt, we shall have to see Icarus at full length.)

This, then, is one up-and-coming dramatist. Another, in his own special field, is Nicholas Stuart Gray. We have just had at the Mercury Theatre his version of Hans Andersen's few pages, "The Swineherd," transformed (as "The Princess and the Swineherd") into a full children's play, with altogether charming effect. Mr. Gray appeals to the romantic child as he did in "Beauty and the Beast." There is charm without affectation.

It was a pleasant device to give to the Princess, the Emperor's daughter (now named Clair-de-Lune), three ladies-in-waiting, tributary Princesses from China, Ethiopia and Spain. We yielded to them gladly, and especially to the Velasquez Infanta—called, nicely, Princess Siesta—whom Diane Cilento impersonated with a proud decorum.

The dramatist was honoured to have Cecil Truncer, Ernest Jay, Tony Britton and Carol Marsh in his company. Such a cast as this would make any children's play, but here the material, as well as the cast, was uncommon. Mr. Gray, like Mr. MacDougall (on his loftier plane), is keeping it up.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD" (Mercury).—Hans Andersen and Nicholas Stuart Gray collaborated in this romantic piece for children, though we spy in it more of Gray than of Andersen. It is the tale of the Princess who rejected the gifts of the nightingale and the rose. In the story, Andersen lets her be punished for her pride; Mr. Gray, knowing that this is hardly the thing for a holiday humour, allows her to end happily ever after with her Prince. There is grace and invention out of the ordinary; the Mercury performance matched the text.

"THE GOLDEN THREAD" (Q).—Judith Gick's drama, with some pruning, might be a West End possibility. The author has a sharp sense of theatrical debate; she secures an acute tension in her story of a man, acquitted of murder, who has to re-make his life and who seeks a remote Dorset village. Norman Wooland acted him without fuss. The main blots on the play are an unabashed theatrical coincidence at its end, and some rustic "relief" which needs a quick flourish of the scissors. (January 13-18.)

"ESCAPE" (St. James's).—I have written on this page of Roger MacDougall's untidy and original play about the schoolboy, called Icarus, who carries his own peace manifesto to a U.N.O. Conference by methods designed, we presume, to show that a pacifist need not be a coward. Playgoers must be warned that they neither see Icarus nor go to Venice. (January 20.)





HOT ON THE SCENT OF CRIME: THE GREAT DETECTIVE (KENNETH MACMILLAN) AND THE DOCTOR (STANLEY HOLDEN; RIGHT) ARMED WITH MAGNIFYING-GLASSES, EMBARKING ON THEIR INVESTIGATIONS OF ATROCIOUS MISDEEDS.

## SHERLOCK HOLMES INSPIRES A BALLET: "THE GREAT DETECTIVE," AFTER CONAN DOYLE.



THE DOCTOR AND THE GREAT DETECTIVE AS THEY ARE REPRESENTED IN THE NEW SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AFTER SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, WHICH HAD ITS PREMIERE ON JANUARY 21: STANLEY HOLDEN (LEFT) AND KENNETH MACMILLAN.



CONGRATULATING THE INNOCENT SUSPECT (DAVID BLAIR) ON HIS RELEASE: THE DOCTOR (STANLEY HOLDEN) AND THE DISTRESSED LADIES (STELLA CLAIRE, MARYON LANE AND MARGARET HILL; L. TO R.).



THE GREAT DETECTIVE (KENNETH MACMILLAN; RIGHT) AND THE DOCTOR (STANLEY HOLDEN) AND POLICE STALKING THE INFAMOUS PROFESSOR. THE GORILLA AND MURDEROUS VILLAINS ARE IN THE BACKGROUND.

SHERLOCK HOLMES is featured in a new ballet presented at Sadler's Wells on January 21; and to be given on February 2 and on February 7 (matinée). "The Great Detective," described as "after Sir A. Conan Doyle," is set to music by Richard Arnell, with choreography by Margaret Dale and costumes by Brian Robb. The leading character is not named, but no great powers of deduction are required to recognise the pipe-smoking figure in ulster and deer-stalker cap, accompanied by a bowler-hatted Doctor. The ballet presents the struggle for supremacy between the Great Detective and his Arch Enemy, the Infamous Professor. The first scene is "A Mistaken Arrest and the situation restored"; the second, "The Master Criminal spins his evil web," and the third, "The Detective's Mastery of the Art of Jiu-jitsu upholds the Law, and with the assistance of his Disguises, he performs his Dance of Deduction bringing about the Inevitable Reckoning." Mr. Kenneth Macmillan doubles the rôles of the Great Detective and the Infamous Professor.

URGED ON TO FRESH EFFORTS BY THE DOCTOR (STANLEY HOLDEN; LEFT): THE GREAT DETECTIVE (KENNETH MACMILLAN) OVERCOMING THE GORILLA (PERMIN TRECU) BY JIU-JITSU.



THE DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE INFAMOUS PROFESSOR AND THE GREAT DETECTIVE AT THE REICHENBACH FALLS: KENNETH MACMILLAN IN A DRAMATIC MOMENT.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AN INDEPENDENT PORCELAIN DECORATOR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SEVERAL references in a recent Sotheby's catalogue of Worcester porcelain to James Giles set me thinking of all the thousands of painters both in this country and in Europe—and, indeed, all over the world—who spent their lives decorating porcelain, whose names are unknown and whose only monument is their work. A few are remembered and some (notably at Sèvres) signed their pieces, but in general the ordinary job of painting designs on porcelain is anonymous. Occasionally a particular name is rescued from oblivion and the man's personal style can be

was a showroom only, and that the real work continued to be done at Berwick Street. His account books from 1771 have survived; extracts from them which have been published are exasperatingly vague. Here is Lady Dysart, for example, in 1773, buying for £2 2s. in April, and £22 14s. 6d. in May, "two parcels of China"—there is no indication of how many pieces, or of what sort, nor does there appear to be any evidence as to the number of people he employed in his enamelling workshop. It looks as if his launching out into fashionable Cockspur Street was a mistake; and his story ends in disaster. He advertises the Berwick Street address (No. 82) "where he continues to paint and enamel all Sorts of China; has by him at present a perfect Assortment of Tea and Dessert Services, with all other useful and ornamental Articles, which he will now be enabled to sell at a cheaper Rate than hitherto and hereby solicits a Continuance of their Encouragement." Poor man!—soon after that advertisement, with its hint of trouble, he became bankrupt and died four years later, in 1780. He was of Huguenot stock from Nîmes, in Provence;

his grandfather was naturalised in 1699-1700.

It is not difficult to imagine that the problems presented by the activities of an independent enameller of the standing of James Giles have given specialists in English porcelain innumerable happy hours searching for a particular style of painting

said that the family tradition was that they were painted by him as a present to his daughter Mary on her marriage. Here was indubitable evidence as to his style—at any rate, at a particular period of his career—and from these four plates it has been possible to identify numerous other pieces in other collections.

In a note like this it is obviously impossible to do more than indicate in summary fashion the conclusions which so far have been reached. As far as the Worcester porcelain decorated in his workshop is concerned, it is of the highest quality, equal to anything done at the factory itself. The hand of two painters can be recognised, and one of them might be Giles himself; though he may have directed the work of others and done little actual painting himself. This kind of investigation can, of course, go on for ever, because there is not only the difficulty of detecting



FIG. 1. DECORATED IN THE STYLE IN FAVOUR AT THE TOURNAI FACTORY, PROBABLY IN GILES'S WORKSHOP: A WORCESTER PORCELAIN PLATE.

This plate is decorated in monochrome with a landscape in the style in favour at the Tournai factory, the fairy-tale fashion derived from that great man, François Boucher, "painted by whoever it was in Giles's workshop, whose name is unknown, but who has a trick of painting tulips with divergent petals." 9 in. *Wall Period.*

identified. All that is known about Giles is contained in two papers, one by Mr. A. J. Toppin, the other by Mr. W. B. Honey, read to the English Ceramic Circle in the 1930's.

The first thing to remember is that by no means all porcelain was painted at the factory. There were various enamellers—sometimes they were dealers as well—who would paint either to the order of the factory or of individual customers, or of other dealers. You could go to Mr. Giles, choose your porcelain in the white, and have it painted and fired by him to suit your own taste—a bespoke service. Here is an advertisement of 1768: "J. Giles, China and Enamel Painter, Proprietor of the Worcester Porcelaine Warehouse up one pair of stairs in Cockspur Street, facing the lower end of the Haymarket, begs leave to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, etc., that the said Warehouse is daily opened with a great variety of articles of the said Manufactory, useful and ornamental, curiously painted in the Dresden, Chelsea and Chinese Tastes, superior to any thing before exhibited to the Public on that Porcelaine." There is James Giles the dealer. Now we come to the other part of his business—the most interesting point: "As the enamelling branch is performed in London by the said J. Giles, and under his Inspection this Warehouse will be daily supplied with a variety of new Goods, which will be sold as cheap as at the Manufactory, or any place in Town, with the usual Discount to the Trade. As the Proprietor has a great Variety of White Goods by him, Ladies and Gentlemen may depend upon having their Commands executed immediately and painted to any pattern they choose." There are several advertisements of this sort, including one in 1776 in which he announces his change of address from Cockspur Street to Berwick Street, but as he was in Berwick Street in 1763, it is probable that the Cockspur Street place

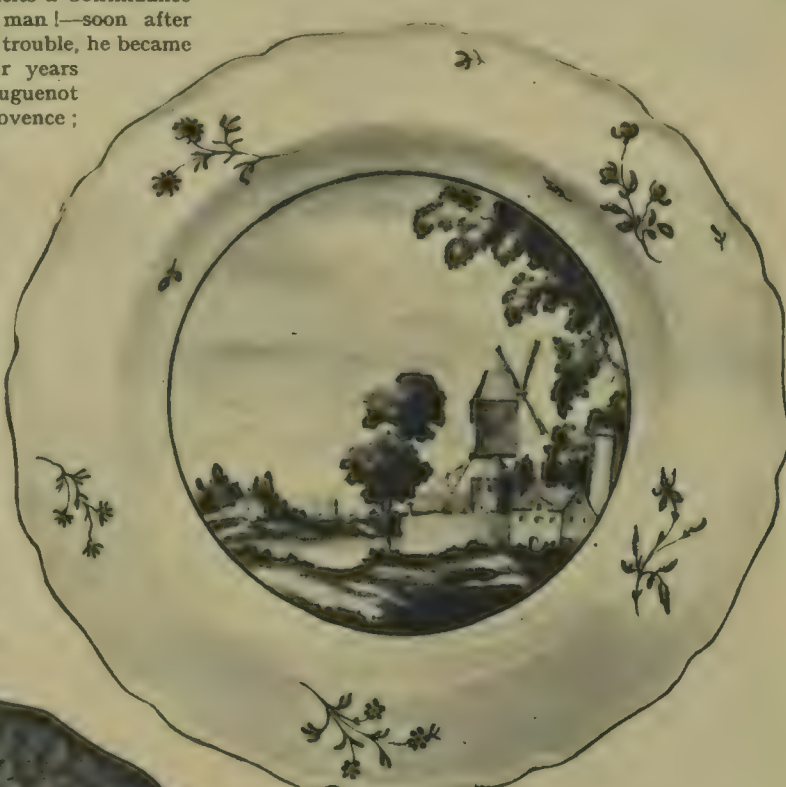


FIG. 2. DECORATED IN GREEN, BROWN, PUCE AND YELLOW: A VERY RARE WORCESTER PLATE, PRESUMABLY BY GILES HIMSELF.

The landscape on this plate is not overcrowded, the flower sprays in the border, of dark puce, are beautifully spaced, and the drawing is excellent. It was presumably decorated by James Giles in person, "or was some employee a greater man than the boss?" 9 in. *Wall Period.*

a particular style—there is also the possibility of a man changing his style in response to a change of fashion, and of a change of employment by a workman. So-and-so working for Giles at one period may be off to Worcester or Derby the following year, taking his own mannerisms with him—in short, the pursuit is endless. Anyway, here are some plates which can be definitely associated with No. 82, Berwick Street. Fig. 3—border cornucopia-shaped, sky blue and elaborately burnished, with a bouquet of flowers in the centre and smaller sprays of fruit and vegetables. Another, very similar in style, had the borders in claret colour and the white space filled with bunches of fruit and scattered sprays of flowers—surely from the same workshop, if not by the same hand. The next piece, Fig. 1, is more difficult—or would be, were it not related to one of the plates given to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Giles's descendant, Mrs. Grubbe. It is in monochrome, and there is a tea service in the Royal collection by the same painter. The landscape is in the style in favour at the Tournai factory—the fairy-tale fashion derived from that great man, François Boucher, whose influence on all kinds of decoration was enormous and whose fame is thoroughly deserved—and, if I have understood the catalogue correctly, is painted by whoever it was in Giles's workshop, whose name is unknown, but who has a trick of painting tulips with divergent petals. The plate of Fig. 2 is very rare, and to many will be the best of the three illustrated. The drawing is excellent—firm and beautifully balanced—and the colours are soft shades of green, brown, puce and yellow. The sprays of flowers round the border are dark puce. Presumably by James Giles in person—or was some employee a greater man than the boss? That is the sort of question which makes this kind of enquiry so fascinating.

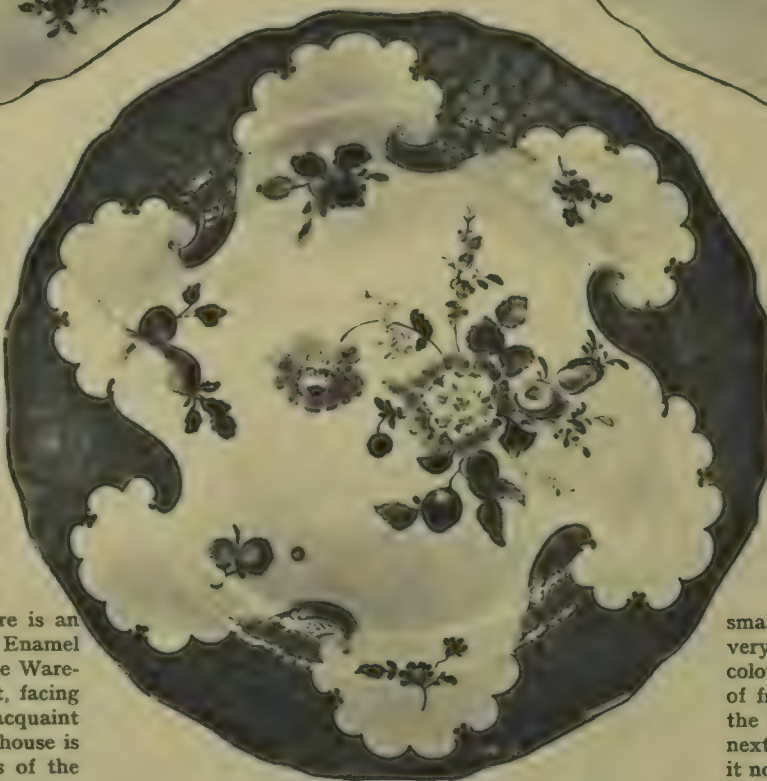


FIG. 3. WITH SKY-BLUE BORDERS AND BOUQUETS AND SPRIGS OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT AND VEGETABLES: A WORCESTER PORCELAIN PLATE DECORATED IN LONDON BY JAMES GILES.

The cornucopia-shaped border of this plate is sky blue, elaborately burnished. A bouquet of flowers occupies the centre, and there are smaller sprays of flowers and fruit and vegetables, not forgetting the homely carrot, scattered about. 9 in. *Wall Period.*

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's

which can perhaps be traced either to him or to his workshop. Moreover, though his main business during his later years seems to have been with the Worcester factory, there is evidence that he was responsible earlier for the decoration on some Bow and Chelsea pieces, and also on some Plymouth, Longton Hall and Chinese porcelain. Further evidence came to light in 1936 or 1937 when a lady walked into the Victoria and Albert Museum with four Worcester plates under her arm which she generously presented to the Museum; she was the great-great-granddaughter of James Giles and she



## SIDELIGHTS ON THREE CONTINENTS: A CAMERA SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.



A FEATURE OF THE INAUGURAL PARADE IN WASHINGTON ON JANUARY 20: THE U.S. ARMY'S ATOMIC GUN SEEN IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The world's first atomic gun, which was fully illustrated and described in our issue of October 11 last year, was seen in public for the first time in the Presidential Inaugural Parade in Washington on January 20. The gun is seen turning from Pennsylvania Avenue into 15th Street.



THE LONDON UNDERGROUND'S FIRST "SILVER TRAIN": A VIEW OF THE COACHES, WHICH ARE OF UNPAINTED BRIGHT ALUMINIUM ALLOY AS AN EXPERIMENT.

The London Underground's first "silver train" came into service on the District Line on January 19. The train is being run as an economy experiment, for unpainted rolling stock would save two tons of paint initially and over 5 cwt. at the periodical overhaul. The lightweight aluminium alloy also provides a considerable saving in weight.



ONE OF THE PAINTINGS FROM THE COOK COLLECTION ON VIEW IN THE SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY, CAMBERWELL: "A LANDSCAPE" BY A. PYNACKER (1622-1673).

A selection of paintings from the famous Cook Collection have been lent by Sir Francis Cook, Bart, and the Trustees of the Collection, for exhibition at the South London Art Gallery, Camberwell, and will remain on view there (daily except Friday) till February 7.



A WHALE'S-EYE VIEW OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH, WHOSE OVERHAUL IN THE KING GEORGE V. DRY-DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON WAS NEARING COMPLETION, WHEN PAINTERS WERE APPLYING PAINT TO HER ANCHORS. THE LINER IS BEING PREPARED FOR A BUSY CORONATION YEAR.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON ARRIVAL AT NAIROBI AIRPORT ON JANUARY 22: THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR. OWING TO ILLNESS HE HAD TO CANCEL HIS ENGAGEMENTS.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, who arrived in Nairobi on January 22 with the Sultana and their daughter, Princess Amal, on a private visit to the Governor, had to cancel his engagements as he contracted bronchitis and had to enter a nursing home. His condition was not considered serious.



## A ROYAL TRAVELLER, ADVENTURE AND COMMEMORATION: TOPICAL NEWS.



BARELY EXCEEDING 4 LB. IN WEIGHT AND DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE TWO: THE TENT TO BE USED BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION DURING THE FINAL ASSAULT OF EVEREST. ("The Times" Copyright.)



WEARING THEIR SPECIALLY DESIGNED SUITS: THREE MEMBERS OF THE 1953 EVEREST EXPEDITION. (L. TO R.) MR. C. WYLIE, MR. W. NOYCE AND MR. G. C. BAND.

Members of the British Everest Expedition who are due to sail on February 12, have been trying out their new equipment and clothing, which has been scientifically designed. The suits, shown above, combine extreme lightness with the maximum of warmth. The tent (left photograph) has been designed to accommodate two people. It is made from specially woven nylon-cotton cloth and has a lightweight ground-sheet. The whole tent barely exceeds 4 lb. in weight.



THE CENTENARY BANQUET OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THE PRESIDENT, MR. I. D. WRATTEN, AND (BEHIND) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND MRS. WRATTEN.



PROPOSING THE TOAST OF "THE SOCIETY": H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT THE CENTENARY BANQUET OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY ON JANUARY 20.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended the Centenary Banquet of the Royal Photographic Society on January 20. The Duke of Gloucester, who proposed the toast of "The Society," said that most members of the Royal family were photographers and some of them were quite expert. Mr. I. D. Wratten, F.R.P.S., Hon. F.B.K.S., the Society's president, presided.



THE BRITISH CAR WHICH WON THE 23RD MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. GATSONIDES (FACING CAMERA) IN THE BRITISH FORD ZEPHYR WITH HIS CO-DRIVER (LYING DOWN). A British Ford Zephyr, driven by the famous Dutch Rally driver, Mr. Gatsonides, won the 23rd Monte Carlo Rally, this being the second year in succession that the prize has been captured by a British car. Two hundred and fifty-three of the 404 starters reached Monte Carlo unpenalised at the end of the 2000-mile journey through fog and ice, so the final decision depended on the tests carried out on arrival. Another British car, a Jaguar, with I. Appleyard driving, accompanied by his wife, was second.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL LEAVES FOR THE WEST INDIES: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH CAPTAIN V. A. R. JURY BEFORE GOING ABOARD THE TANKER REGENT SPRINGBOK. Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal left Wallsend, Northumberland, on January 24, in the tanker Regent Springbok (12,117 tons), for Trinidad, the first stage of her tour of the West Indies. She will inspect detachments of branches of the British Red Cross Society, of which she is Commandant-in-Chief. Her tour will include British Guiana and Barbados as well as Tobago, and she is expected to start back from Trinidad about the middle of March. She is due to reach Trinidad on February 8.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE are innumerable ways in which a novel may be classified, or, rather, graded, and one of them is by sheer voltage. This is not quite the same thing as vitality; it may not take one far, but there is no doubt that it shakes one up. "The Bridge of Asses," by Jean-Jacques Gautier (Arthur Barker; 10s. 6d.), starts off like an electric shock, and through its rather disappointing course we can still feel the charge.

It is a kind of emanation from the hero—a successful playwright, living with fury in a moral void. One might suppose that Esmond Lauricoste had everything. He was born rich—born in the merchant-purple of Bordeaux. Now he has conquered Paris with his art. He has three dotting women at command: his wife, his daughter and his secretary. The wife, a radiant odalisque, puts up with all his infidelities, and lives only to catch his eye. The perfect secretary is his slave, waiting on every whim, ready to be machine or mistress at a nod. While he is free as air, and can behave as odiously as he likes. Yet this unbridled ego is in fact a gulf. Nothing can fill its maw, for when the prize is gained, the satisfaction is extinct. So he goes tearing on—on with the wearying pursuit, the endless quest, the cult of "objectless desire." What he is really after is a proof of his existence.

Then he falls in with Manuelle. She is a dramatic student; he is among the judges of the year. And he is caught at sight—caught by her cheap pink jersey, by her swarthy legs, then by her raw ferocity of style. The other judges are affronted; Esmond is rapt. He speeds to introduce himself. He is received with insults—and he comes back for more. Circe, henceforth, has him in thrall. She, like himself, is a devouring void; she is a slut, a drab, she tells him there is nothing doing, she flaunts her squalor in his face—and yet he can't cease hoping to impress her. Prompted by her, he bursts the bondage of a name, and sets his fancy free under an alias. And this new comedy has a resounding triumph. It has thrown Esmond Lauricoste into the shade—so the reviewers say. Esmond is mad with rage; he can't wait to unmask, and, in a fatal hour, rushes to Manuelle for the evidence.

And then "his mind turns round." This time, the witch is unprepared, the addict sickened. He wants no more of her; he wants to creep back to his faithful three. . . . But it is now too late; even a tyranny has laws, or, at least, premises, and all this while he has been cheating. So they have quietly rattled; they have abandoned him to his pursuer, to his demon-foe, the vampire-Manuelle of his brain. The end is supercharged, like the beginning. Esmond is super-comedy—but, as we learn, the novel was two years in hand. Perhaps on that account there is a want of flow, a kind of segmentary air.

"A Bag of Stones," by John Hampson (Verschoyle; 12s. 6d.), is far more of a piece. It has more gravity, more heart—and it is almost too continuous in feeling; it plays throughout on the one string.

Little Joe Hadden is an only child: a bright, companionable little boy, snug as a bird at home, happy and popular at school, and quite contented to be fatherless. Indeed, Bert Hadden, when he went to war, left not a rack behind. Even Elizabeth can't miss him. He was so difficult and surly, and he was not her choice—she simply fell in with his views; and now the cottage is so peaceful. . . . Therefore she lets him lapse, until the war comes to an end and his return draws near; and then she means to speak of him, but falters. . . . As a result, he breaks in like a clap of thunder. Joe is knocked silly from the start. Next day, he finds his "Thursday stone," he falls behind in class, he sees his mother for a weakling. And after that there is no change, only a progress in disintegration.

Year after year the bright lad becomes thicker-witted. Once he was going on to a grammar school; now he can't hold a job. Even the easiest demand sets up a panic. His father doesn't really mind; for, being a market-gardener, he can exploit this booby as a drudge. While as for Joe—if there is no escape, there is at least his bag of stones. Because the "Thursday stone" was the mere start of a collection. These are his secret power; they are what David used against Goliath. . . .

The tale is harrowing all through, and all the more because he has three chances of deliverance. Three times he might be hauled out of the current—but it is not decreed. And at the very last, the tone goes up into falsetto. This shrill conclusion is a flaw; but in the progress of the changeling boy there is a heart-piercing reality.

"Venetia," by Barbara Goolden (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), will excite no distress. Parents and children are again the theme. Venetia, a popular and gifted actress with a wealth of charm, has lavished a good deal of it on Clare, her younger daughter. It is so nice to have a devotee in the home circle. Then, since the claims of love are paramount, she goes off with another man, asking her good, dull husband to divorce her. This is a blow to all; but to the child adoring, it is desolation. And as she must love somebody, she turns to Glen, whose object is to found a home at the first chance, because he never had one as a boy. Then the lost idol comes to grief and wants a temporary shoulder. Then she goes off once more. . . . Clare is so young for marriage, and so emotionally spent, that it might easily end badly. But, in point of fact, there seems to be no lasting harm.

The author has a delicate and practised hand. She knows just what to think; indeed, for one so scornful of the academic woman, she is a trifle schoolmarmish. But here she gives us no more than a "piece of work."

"Cat's Prey," by Dorothy Eden (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), features an unsuspecting heiress in the toils. After Aunt Laura's death, Antonia has gone out to New Zealand for her cousin's wedding, and to collect her share of the estate. Fat, simple Simon and his bride are putting theirs into a small hotel, mournfully perched upon a cliff-top. And there strange incidents ensue—lights in the empty wing, a bunch of seaweed on the stair. . . . While Iris of the champagne locks kindly insinuates that her new cousin has been sleep-walking—that she is subject to hallucinations—that she needs medical advice—that she is not quite safe. A first-rate story of its kind: good plot, good atmosphere and human interest.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## "SNARLING BEAST" TO MANNERLESS FISH.

SAMUEL ROGERS, the banker-poet, was not, to use a modern expression, everybody's cup of tea. The acidulated little old man, who lived to a vast age and by his wealth, his personality and his famous literary breakfasts in his house at St. James's Place, succeeded in knowing everybody from Fox to Ruskin, and from Byron to Carlyle. Among the great, however, whom he knew and entertained, though he had some friends, he had many more enemies. Creevey noted: "What a sour, snarling beast this Rogers is. . . . Sefton and I hold him a damned bore." Carlyle thought him: "A most sorrowful, distressing, distracted old phenomenon. . . . Sometimes I felt as if I could throttle him, the poor old wretch." Byron, who had been on the friendliest terms with him, later wrote a famous and wicked poem about him. Another contemporary wit said that he made his way in the world as Hannibal had made his across the Alps—with vinegar. As against these and many other unkind criticisms must be set his numerous benefactions to obscure or needy poets, his love of children, and the friendly testimony of such observers as Lord Holland and Sidney Smith. Mr. Morchard Bishop, in "The Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers" (Richards Press; 12s. 6d.), has put us in his debt by reproducing in digestible form the dull and voluminous mass of material produced by Rogers's mid-nineteenth-century biographer, the Rev. Alexander Dyce. For Rogers, though an unimportant poetaster (he believed himself to be more secure of immortality than his friend Tennyson), has left for us a remarkable collection of stories and examples of what Carlyle called his "frostiest London wit." The result is a delightful book to be read either at one sitting or to be dipped into at bedtime. It will prove a handy mine for the historian and for the orator (indeed, there are distinct signs of their workings to be found in it). We have Fox in his youth appearing as "a prodigious Dandy—wearing a little odd French hat, shoes with red heels, etc. He and Lord Carlisle once travelled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying waistcoats; and during the whole journey they talked about nothing else." One gets another picture of Fox, the gamester, playing cards at Brooks's from "10 o'clock at night till near 6 o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them 'whose deal it was,' they being too sleepy to know." But one also gets an idea of why Fox, who (surprisingly) "was very shy," was so immensely and widely loved. There is Burke, whom Rogers as a good Whig did not like, nevertheless saying words which should to-day be written across the heart of economists and trade unionists alike: "France has all things within herself and she possesses the power of recovering from the severest blows. England is an artificial country: take away her Commerce and what is she." Rogers was on intimate terms with that great Greek scholar, if impossibly drunken individual, Porson, and with that great, if impossibly rude, hostess, Lady Holland. He took the Sacrament with the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsay ("nothing could be more striking than his unaffected devotion"), and had many long conversations with that famous soldier. To him we are indebted for the story of Wellington who, when in danger of shipwreck at sea, was informed by the captain that soon it would be "all over with them." "Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots." Curiously, reports of the admirable fighting qualities of the National Servicemen in Korea and Malaya were borne out by the Duke 100 years ago. "I have found," he said to Rogers, "that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manoeuvring, are far superior in downright fighting with the enemy: at Waterloo the young ensigns and lieutenants who had never before seen a battle rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket." However, it is impossible to compress seventy years or more of adult recollections and table-talk into a compass of a single course, so I must content myself with recommending this book to all who are interested in the social, literary and political history of the long period covered by the life of this curious little man.

During the period of Rogers's active life as a host the General Post Office was taking the modern form in which we know it. From the days of Henry VIII, when he had Sir Brian Tuke, his Postmaster, establish posts where the Royal despatches could be taken "Haste, Post, Haste" throughout the country, to the present vast and efficient organisation, the Post Office has seen many changes. The Tudor post-boy, mud-splashed and swearing, throwing himself off his horse at an inn where the postmaster should have fresh horses and a guide waiting for him, has been succeeded, in turn, by the mail coach, the railway post office, the packet boat, the mail steamship, till now tons of mail for overseas are daily loaded into aircraft as a matter of course. Professor Howard Robinson, in "Britain's Post Office" (Oxford University Press; 21s.), has produced an interesting, if somewhat pedestrian, account of that development.

He agrees with Mr. Laurence Meynell, the author of "Builder and Dreamer: A Life of Isambard Kingdom Brunel" (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), that the great engineer's French Royalist father, disembarking at Plymouth on March 13, 1800, and setting off by mail coach for London and Sofia Kingdom, his bride, "would not have averaged more than seven miles an hour on the road." This book, simply told, is a pleasant little monument to that wonderful engineer perpetually dogged by ill-luck, who built the first tunnel under the Thames, the Clifton Suspension Bridge, was the genius of the Great Western Railway, and constructed the first transatlantic liners. It is an exciting story, admirably told, of what genius and perseverance can achieve.

I am not myself greatly attracted by fish, except in sporting or edible form. I can, however, see the attraction of the little tropical fish which are becoming increasingly popular in home aquariums in this country. "Tropical Fish as a Hobby," by Herbert R. Axelrod (Allen and Unwin; 21s.), should tell the ichthyophilist (if that is the right word) all he or she wishes to know about these creatures. The author's description of their mating habits, however, confirms me in my view that, on the whole, they are an ill-mannered lot. E. D. O'BRIEN.

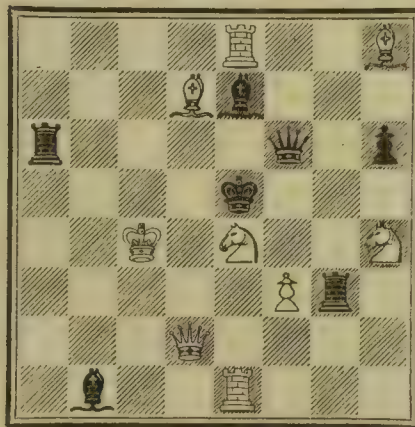
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I PUBLISHED these two problems in my chess magazine three years ago, but not until I saw them appreciatively quoted in a German chess-players' diary last week did I realise how good they are.

In each you are asked to find how White, to play, mates in one move. Don't say "How easy!" until you have tried them. Time yourself; one minute for the first, ten for the second, is quite good.

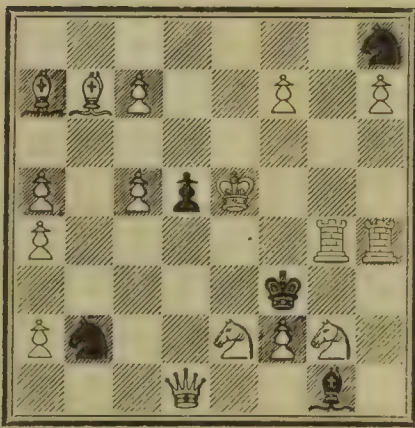
BLACK.



WHITE.

By T. P. MADELEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

By J. PERKINS.

Of the nineteen different ways of giving check in the first, only 1. P-B4 is mate.

The second has a horrid twist. What was Black's last move? Not a capture, for all White's men are still there. Not a move by K, Kt or B, otherwise either there must have been two men on one square or a king must have been left illegally in check. It must have been a move by the pawn, and again, not from Q3, for there it would have been checking White's king. So Black's last move must have been . . . P(Q2)-Q4 and White now mates by P×P en passant; White's pawn on QB5 and Black's pawn on Q4 disappear simultaneously, unmasking both bishops.



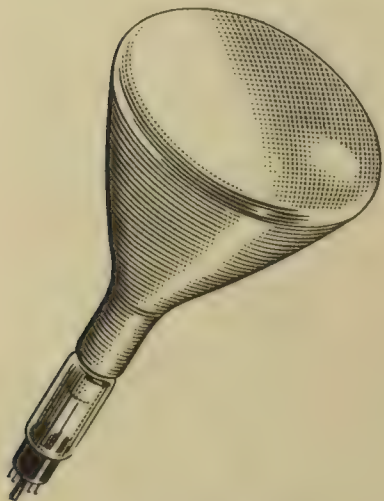
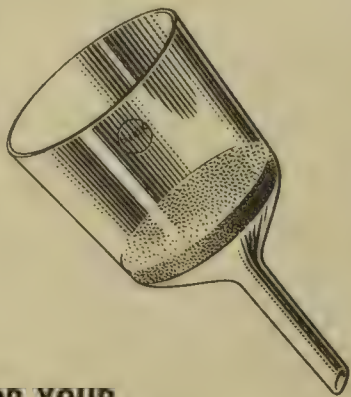


*versatility in glass*

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling and Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world

#### FOR BACTERIOLOGISTS

—Joblings Sintered Glass Filters made entirely from 'Pyrex'. The filter disc has a pore size of approximately one micron—1,000th of a millimetre—and will retain bacteria



#### FOR YOUR TELEVISION SET

—the envelope of this cathode-ray tube is made entirely of 'Pyrex' to withstand high temperatures



#### FOR FOOD AND DRINK

—a protein hydrolising plant used in 'patent food', soft-drink and chemical manufacture; for example, to make protein more digestible or more soluble. This unit is made of Joblings 'Pyrex'

AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE  
*original oven-to-table glass*



JAMES A. JOBLING & CO LTD WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND



# BRITISH LEATHER

## UPHOLSTERY

Cars

Furniture

*For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather*



BY COURTESY OF SCOTT'S RESTAURANT, LONDON

*"Allow me to introduce you  
to my latest discovery..."*

"Meaning me, Paul?"

"Not this time, darling. *This* discovery happens to be a gin. Curtis by name . . . and smoother by nature. Here, have a sip of mine . . . See what I mean?"

"Mmm—I certainly do. You know, I think this might be the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

George, Head Barman at Scott's Restaurant, smiles. He knows what a difference maturing in cask makes . . . knows that this is what makes Curtis gin more mellow, smoother. Ask your barman for Curtis, or take a bottle home. If you like gin, you'll like Curtis better.

*Smoother, because it's matured in cask*

# Curtis Gin

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD." AVAILABLE IN BOTTLES,  
HALF BOTTLES, THREE NIP AND SIX NIP FLASKS.





# If you *really* care for your car



*Always use*

# ENERGOL

*the oiliest oil*

Remember that an engine responds to kindness just like a living thing. Give your car the blended, balanced, cushioning lubrication of **Energol** and how well you will be rewarded in smooth running, easy starting and a positive refusal to cause expense and trouble. A planned programme of **Energol** Lubrication will keep you and your car on the best of terms.

*Recommended by Rolls-Royce and leading motor manufacturers.*

PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED





# FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO South Africa



THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY  
by South African Airways to  
Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum  
and Nairobi. One service per week  
calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized  
4-engined Constellation aircraft. Com-  
plimentary meals and mealtime drinks.  
No gratuities. British Overseas Air-  
ways also provide three flights  
weekly by Comet to Johannesburg  
on the 'Springbok' Service which  
is operated jointly by S.A.A.  
and B.O.A.C.

● CONSULT YOUR  
TRAVEL AGENT:  
B. O. A. C. OR  
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

## SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

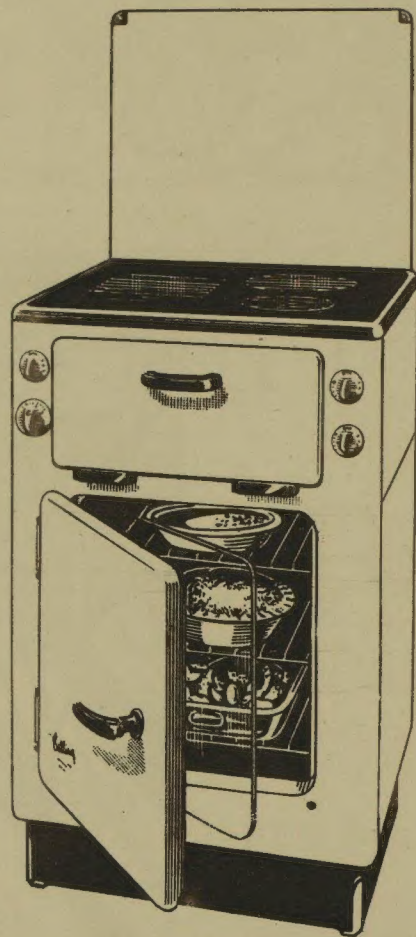


SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: WHITEHALL 4488

# Perfection

We believe that the Belling Streamline Electric Cooker is the finest in the world. Beautiful in appearance and perfect in performance it is in a class by itself. In operation it is almost entirely automatic, the extra large oven and all boiling plates maintaining any desired heat. The oven is floodlit when the door is open, and cooking can be watched through the inner glass door without any loss of heat or any chance of spoiling food. Available through any Electrical Shop or Showroom at £49.10.0. On wheels for easy moving 55/- extra.



"Belling"

Manufacturers of Electrical Appliances of Distinction since 1912  
BELLING & COMPANY LTD., BRIDGE WORKS, ENFIELD

CRC 128

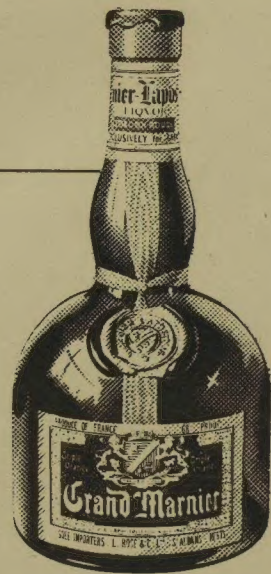
## sea days are holidays



when you cruise by  
**ORIENT LINE**

FOR PARTICULARS OF 1953 CRUISES APPLY  
14 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 Tel: TRA 7141 or Agents

HAVE YOU  
EXPERIENCED  
GRAND MARNIER?



SIP Grand Marnier with your after-dinner coffee and know the magic of France's finest liqueur. Here is no ordinary stimulant, no social habit or specious aid to gaiety. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy and long matured in the ancient cellars of the Château de Bourg-Charente, Grand Marnier is the proud choice of those who know the rules of civilised living. Will you discover this noble liqueur tonight?

TO GLEVER, HOSTESSES: FLAVOUR CRÊPES SUZETTE WITH GRAND MARNIER.

**Grand Marnier**

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS





\*  
***Benzole makes good petrol better!***

However good petrol may be, adding Benzole to it makes it better for your car. *Better for starting*, because Benzole so very easily turns into a dry, easily-ignited vapour even on icy days. *Better for smooth, quiet running*, because Benzole is a fine anti-knock agent as well as a fuel, giving the piston a powerful shove in place of a harsh, hefty wallop. And best of all—*Benzole is better for more miles per gallon* because Nature herself has packed into every drop of Benzole more power—more energy—than she has packed into petrol.

**NATIONAL  
BENZOLE  
MIXTURE**

*National Benzole Company Limited  
Wellington House, Buckingham Gate  
London, S.W.1*

*(The distributing organisation owned  
and entirely controlled by  
the producers of British Benzole)*





### Ready — when you are

Of the things that a man may reasonably do to secure his own creature comfort, there are few simpler, and none more sensible, than taking a drop of Scotch whisky on the way to bed. You are leaving to-day for tomorrow. Take your leave graciously and pleasurably. Wish yourself well. Choose a whisky soft with great age, soft as a benediction.

For its gentleness and lasting glow White Horse whisky has long been famed. Trust a White Horse to carry you smoothly across the borderland of sleep. It knows the way.

## WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky